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The Nation.

September 5, 1981 $1.25

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EDITORIAL

MARTIAL EGOS

Expensive weapons systems are all too often Washington's substitutes for coherent policies. Thus, the MX missile is a symbol of the Reagan Administration's unwillingness to deal with the Soviet Union on limiting strategic nuclear arms. Similarly, the proposed sale of five Awacs radar planes to Saudi Arabia is a substitute for cohesive policies on the Middle East and energy.

In the case of the MX, we take counsel from two sources: Russell Baker, an expert on the absurd, who proposes a "mobile Pentagon" as an alternative to the mobile MX, and David Gold, an economist and author of *Misguided Expenditure*, recently published by the Council on Economic Priorities. Gold concludes that the only conceivable rationale for the MX seems to be the Pentagon's fear that "we will be perceived by the world as weak." Tens of billions of dollars seems an excessive price to pay to assuage our martial egos.

Expensive symbolism also lies behind the proposed sale of the Awacs. The sophisticated machines will actually increase Riyadh's dependence on Washington, since they will have to be operated and maintained by American personnel for years to come. The real value of the planes to the Saudis is strictly political; they are a prestigious symbol of a much overrated "special relationship" with Washington. For the Reagan Administration, the Awacs are meant to deflect Saudi demands on the Palestinian issue and secure continued access to Saudi oil.

Ironically, Gold's report makes it clear that if Reagan were to abandon the MX and use the savings in a ten-year energy conservation program, oil imports could be reduced by up to 75 percent, thus eliminating any "perceived" need to sell Awacs to the Saudis. We would all be better off if both the MX and the Awacs deal were scotched.

POLISH SURVIVAL
Joanna Clark

BLACK HILLS LAND SCAM
Petra Shattuck

JACK ABBOTT'S RAGE
Edward Bunker

RADIOACTIVE OCEANS
Michael Kepp
John Markoff

"60 MINUTES"
Michael Schudson

MITTERRAND
Gabriel García Márquez

REGIONAL RESISTANCE

BACKYARD AUTONOMY

WILLIAM APPLEMAN WILLIAMS

Not so long ago, the socialist weekly *In These Times* printed a number of articles about the relationship (or lack thereof) between radicalism—including left liberalism—and religion. Although the project was prompted by a dialogue between European Marxists and Christians that had appeared in an earlier issue, it nevertheless represented a serious effort to encourage American radicals to break out of their conception of social change as a wholly secular phenomenon.

I followed the series with some care because my own sense of being religious has strengthened my commitment to socialist principles and action and because I have often found that quietly religious people (as opposed to the "reborn" and "churchy" types) are open to serious talk and action concerning specific social changes. I found that to be true in civil rights work in the South during 1945-47 and in antiwar activities in Wisconsin during the late 1960s and early 1970s; and I find it to be true now in Oregon, in discussions about social programs and foreign and defense policies (think only of the example of Senator Mark Hatfield).

All those experiences leaped to mind when, on May 5, Spencer Kimball, president of the Mormon Church, delivered his devastating proclamation against the MX missile system, describing it as a gross extension of the "terrifying arms race in which the nations of the earth are presently engaged."

Kimball's manifesto has received far less attention than it deserves. It is easy to understand why the Reagan Administration and other advocates of a hard-line and interventionist foreign policy dismissed Kimball as a spokesman for a

(*Continued on Page 179*)

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LETTERS.

REGULATING THE DRUG INDUSTRY

New York City

The Nation's June 20 editorial "Congress Drugged" compels a response in the interest of truth and fairness.

In 1978, the Supreme Court ruled that a foreign nation is a "person" under the antitrust laws and is thus entitled to seek treble damages in antitrust suits in courts. The pending legislation, S. 816, is in response to that decision and allows foreign governments and their agencies and instrumentalities the right to sue under the antitrust laws for recovery of damages if their laws prohibit similar conduct to that complained of in their suit and if they permit suits in their courts by the United States. Moreover, S. 816 would make certain that foreign governments would not enjoy special privileges over the United States as they do now as a result of the 1978 Supreme Court ruling. In antitrust suits, the government may sue only for single, not treble, damages, and the same would apply to foreign governments under S. 816.

The legislation is not "designed to help Pfizer and four other multinational drug companies avoid having to pay heavy antitrust damages to some foreign countries." Neither is it true that five years ago, or at any other time, the Federal Trade Commission "ruled that Pfizer, Upjohn, American Cyanamid, Bristol-Myers and Squibb had illegally conspired to fix the price of broad-spectrum antibiotics on a worldwide basis." The F.T.C. made no such finding and, indeed, completely dismissed its charge of price-fixing against these companies. In fact, every single court in which that charge was made also threw it out. There is absolutely no basis for such a statement by *The Nation* and, at the very least, we think you are obligated to inform your readers of your error.

The Nation's editorial also opposed the pharmaceutical industry's support for S. 225, the Patent Restoration Act of 1981.

The American patent system provides seventeen years of marketing protection for a new invention and is designed to reward inventors and provide incentive for further innovation. Increasingly, however, a considerable portion of this period of exclusivity is consumed for certain products by the time needed to meet Federally mandated regulatory requirements. A patent application must be filed very soon after a potentially effective new drug is discovered to assure statutory protection for scientific breakthroughs and to enable publication of discoveries to science. These requirements have the unintended side effect of compromising the patent's basic purpose of stimulating innovation. In the case of pharmaceuticals, for example, the amount of patent protection actually available at the time of marketing has declined from about fourteen years on the average a decade ago to less than ten years today—an insufficient period to permit funding of future research projects.

And this diminished patent life is almost entirely due to the longer time needed for clinical testing and regulatory approval. In the United States, the total time required by these processes has risen from about two years in 1966 to about nine years. Most of the increase has been in the clinical testing phase, which has gone from about one year in 1966 to about six years. The innovator should be encouraged, not penalized by a too-short patent life.

The development process not only takes longer and longer; it is also increasingly expensive. The average cost per new chemical entity introduced has been calculated at $54 million in 1976 dollars, and at over $70 million in 1980 dollars.

The long-run effect of higher development costs and longer development times is to deter innovation. Declining effective patent life obviously reinforces this tendency. Thus it is significant that pharmaceutical research and development has declined in constant dollar terms from 12.6 percent of sales in 1962 to 7.8 percent in 1978 and an estimated 7.4 percent in 1979. Equally significant is the decline in the actual number of drugs on which clinical research is done. Annual filings necessary to begin clinical research have declined from approximately 100 per year in 1964 to forty per year in 1976. And preliminary data suggest a further drop since then, to twenty-four per year in 1979. In addition, there has been a steady decline in the number of new drugs discovered. In 1959, for example, fifty-nine new drugs were approved for marketing. In 1969, only nine drugs were approved, and in 1979, fifteen.

S. 255 is an effort to reverse the unintended adverse impact upon innovations that Federally mandated regulations have caused. And many of *The Nation*'s readers may well agree that self-inflicted laws and practices that stifle innovation and place American industry at a competitive disadvantage are not in the public interest.

Frank A. Duckworth
Vice President-General Counsel and Secretary, Pfizer Inc.

REPLY

The claim that the drug industry, which consistently ranks among the most profitable industries in America, has been forced by losses from Food and Drug Administration regulation to reduce research and development is patently implausible. Isn't it enough that the industry earns 50 percent more on equity than almost all other American manufacturing companies—in 1980, 20.5 percent vs. 14 percent? The contention is also undercut by reports that even without this legislation, potentially staggering profits are inducing an enormous outpouring of R&D expenditures by the industry in the next few years.

Furthermore, the specific factual assertions underlying the claim, as set forth in Frank Duckworth's letter, have received an additional battering: On July 22, Congress' bipartisan Office of Technology Assessment reported these results of a recent study of drug patent extension:

(1) the available evidence doesn't support the industry's claim that the extension will increase innovation;

(2) R&D expenditures have not declined significantly but have remained relatively stable at 8.5 percent of total sales since 1965;

(3) the number of new drug applications has indeed fallen since 1962, but the number of new drugs with "important or modest therapeutic gain" has been stable;

(4) post-patent drug profits have suffered little from generic competition;

(5) patent extension will raise prices and increase profits for the big drug companies;

(6) the loss of patent life attributable to F.D.A. activity averages about three and a half years, is often much less and is frequently compensated for by brand characteristics. In any event, many non-drug products lose some of their patent protection because of governmental health, safety, zoning or other requirements.

As to the facts on the price-fixing matter, the details are as follows: In 1963, the Federal Trade Commission found that Pfizer and four other drug companies had conspired to fix tetracycline prices, and that Pfizer had deliberately misrepresented and withheld important information from the U.S. Patent Office—with Cyanamid's help—in order to obtain a patent monopoly. The monopoly, of course, resulted in very high uniform prices and profits. The Court of Appeals ruled that the F.T.C. chairman should have disqualified himself because of prior involvement in the case. On the second time around, the remaining four commissioners deadlocked on the price-fixing charge but reaffirmed that Pfizer and Cyanamid had defrauded the U.S. Patent Office to get the tetracycline patent. This finding was affirmed by the appellate court.

Incidentally, a Federal grand jury also found a price-fixing conspiracy, but that finding was set aside because of improper jury instructions by the judge.

—The Editors

The Nation welcomes letters—typed, double-spaced and no longer than 300 words, please. Longer letters may be edited for reasons of space.

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EDITORIALS.

Libyan Theatrics

Did the Reagan Administration anticipate—even welcome—last month's dogfight with Libya over the Gulf of Sidra? In an unusual departure from his aversion to detail, President Reagan, prior to the dogfight, personally approved the Sixth Fleet's sensitive maneuvers in waters claimed by Libya. And several weeks before the incident, the commander of the Sixth Fleet was whisked back to Washington for a briefing on "battle procedures." As one of the two U.S. Navy pilots involved said afterward, "We knew that this was not a no-risk operation."

So we think it only reasonable to ask, was the Administration actually seeking a no-risk "Mayaguez"—a theatrical event calculated to demonstrate, in Reagan's boastful words, that "America has the muscle to back up its words"? Was the confrontation in the Gulf of Sidra an act of bravado aimed at "dimestore Russians"? And might not Reagan's refusal to sign the Law of the Sea Treaty earlier this year have provided Col. Muammar el-Qaddafi with the pretext to flout what has become an international consensus in favor of a twelve-mile limit on sovereignty claims to coastal waters?

Whatever Qaddafi's rationale might have been, he is, after all, an easy target. *Newsweek* asks, in a fit of hyperbole, whether he is "The Most Dangerous Man in the World?" Claire Sterling, darling of the Reagan Administration for her book *The Terror Network*, calls him "the Daddy Warbucks of Terrorism."

The substance of Libyan-American relations, however, is quite different from those Reagan-directed theatrics: *The New York Times* is now reporting that it was a team of ex-Green Berets hired by Edwin P. Wilson, a former Central Intelligence

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agent, who trained Qaddafi's terrorists with the agency's tacit complicity. A final irony remains: Why is it that Qaddafi has no better friends than the same American oil companies who so vigorously supported Reagan's campaign for the Presidency?

The String Snaps

During the past month here in New York City, Jack Henry Abbott, convict-author, has been getting a lot of media attention, including rave reviews for his book, *In the Belly of the Beast: Letters From Prison*. At the age of 37, the author had spent, man and child, twenty-five years in society's cages. His letters to Norman Mailer distilled the essence of that experience, and Mailer and others in the literary and publishing worlds wrote to Federal and state parole authorities attesting to Abbott's writing talent. Mailer offered a job as a research assistant. After a parole hearing, the prison gates swung open. Abbott was on *Good Morning America*. He was an instant celebrity. I know that convicts all over the United States shook their heads in envious wonder. He had the world on a string.

The string snapped quick. About 5:00 on a Saturday morning, the day before his book was praised for two full pages in *The New York Times Book Review*, Jack Abbott stepped outside a Lower East Side restaurant to "settle" an argument with a young waiter. Seconds later, the man was dead from a single stroke of a knife in the heart.

So a young man is dead. Abbott is hunted. Mentor and patrons are silent. The victim's father-in-law is angry because Abbott was let out onto the streets of New York after all those years in the "garbage can." Ostensibly liberal publications have pilloried those who befriended him. I'm sorry for everyone concerned, but my own eighteen years in various state and Federal garbage cans allow me to empathize with Abbott. I can see the world through his eyes.

To most, Abbott's behavior seems that of a madman. Not only did he commit murder but he also committed a form of suicide. Was he afraid of being free? I have seen many men terrified, after years in prison, by the prospect of getting out. One, I recall, stabbed a man over two packs of cigarettes. What he really wanted was to lose his parole.

According to what Abbott was taught, he was behaving like a man that Sunday morning, though most convicts will probably shake their heads and say, "Another sucker who couldn't stand prosperity." Still, in the world where Abbott was reared, to kill is not immoral or evil. I have never heard a convict say that murder is wrong. A particular killing might be stupid, uncool, unnecessary, undeserved, but never evil. In this specific situation, Abbott and the waiter had an argument over access to a toilet. Abbott was with two young women; he'd probably been regaling them with tales of prison violence, some of it exaggerated, no doubt. (In county jails across America, older cons are telling youngsters waiting to go to prison for the first time about what it is, and 95 percent of the stories are about violence, much of it bullshit, just as much of Abbott's book is bullshit. If he ate bugs as he claimed, it was because he wanted to, not because he would have starved otherwise. That is one obvious lie among many.) Anyway, Abbott and the waiter went outside to settle the argument. Anywhere I've been, when you go outside to settle something, you're going outside to fight. Abbott's ego, his image, could not let him lose that fight.

In prison it is an article of faith that you don't fight unless you're ready to kill. That attitude is necessary for survival. You never hit anyone with just your fist unless he is a punk or a weakling, someone without status. By the same token, you cannot, as a man, allow anyone to get away with punching you. You live in a closed world where you must see your adversary day after day, month after month, in the yard, in the corridors, in the crowd coming from the movie. You have to turn your back, you have to sleep, and you can't risk hitting somebody in the mouth and having him come back later to plant fourteen inches of U.S. steel in your anatomy. If you are whipped and don't retaliate, the predators around you will see it as weakness and move in, stealing things from your cell, not paying their debts, demanding this or that. So when Abbott went outside, that was how he was seeing things.

Society took Abbott at the age of 12 and gave him to the state to raise. From that point on, he was taught—and it seems almost deliberate, it is so pervasive in juvenile institutions—that violence runs the world. The lesson was endlessly emphasized by fist, boot, club, tear gas and, in recent years, awesome tranquilizing drugs meted out for punishment. You could learn how to kill with a single knife thrust, but not how to deal with the simplest tasks of living in the world beyond the walls. I've seen many men afraid of any restaurant above a greasy spoon simply because they don't know how to order a meal. Abbott struck first when he went outside, following the prison axiom: "Better to see the district attorney than the coroner."

Jack Henry Abbott followed the classic pattern of broken home, foster home, reform school, penitentiary, each one passing the dilemma along. His prison medical records indicate that he was "extremely angry" and that he had "a longstanding thought disorder," according to *The New York Times*. But as much could be said of any con who had done substantial time. Whenever you read about some wild shoot-out, some desperate bank robber, the odds are that his parent was the state. It isn't a question of punishment versus rehabilitation; it's a question of what society creates—and then bemoans when its monster cuts down a citizen, as he was taught to do.

The individual victim is blameless, of course, but the nation gets the crime it deserves and makes. Someone wiser than me said something like that long ago.

EDWARD BUNKER

Edward Bunker, an ex-convict, is the author of three novels, No Beast So Fierce *(W. W. Norton) and* The Animal Factory *and* Little Boy Blue *(both Viking).*

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Inferior Status

No area of government action defines the character and destiny of our nation, *who* and *what* we are, more directly than our handling of immigration. And none excites greater anxiety or gives rise to more complex and inconsistent regulation.

The President's Task Force on Immigration and Refugee Policy, headed by Attorney General William French Smith, has focused on the two most problematic kinds of foreign entries: "illegals" and refugees. Both inflows are disturbing to the government because they are virtually uncontrollable and unpredictable, and to the powerful because they are, or are perceived to be, nonwhite, needy and very foreign.

The task force has recommended that illegal aliens be allowed to sign up for a ten-year "transient status," during which time they would pay taxes, receive no benefits and be prohibited from bringing their families to the United States. The visa would have to be renewed every three years, making it easy to expel any transient who causes trouble for the government or his employer by, say, organizing a union. If they behaved themselves and also learned English, the transients could apply for permanent residence status at the end of the ten years. (Citizenship would take another five.) The Reagan Administration estimates that there are as many as 5 million illegal aliens who would eventually qualify (depending on how long they have been here illegally) for this "amnesty." Why any of them would want to do so has not been explained.

The idea of a "non-counterfeitable" identification card, strongly urged by Senator Alan Simpson, Republican of Wyoming, and others, has apparently been dropped by the Administration because the President's men do not wish to inconvenience employers (in the new plan, employers would merely have to certify that they had no reason to suspect the validity of the worker's Social Security card). A July 10 memo from the White House staff to the Cabinet, according to someone who has seen it, proposes admitting 500,000 transients from Mexico each year, as soon as it is deemed politically acceptable. Overall, then, the Reagan program legalizes employer access to a vast pool of low-wage workers with no accompanying dependents and almost no rights, rather like the system in South Africa.

Administration policy toward Haitians, as set forth in the task force recommendations, is simple, direct and awful, a product of logic in the service of paranoia. The task force wants the Coast Guard to intercept Haitian vessels on international waters and escort them back to Haiti if they are found to be bearing passengers without visas to the United States; training for this mission is already underway at the U.S. naval base at Guantánamo Bay. The numbers involved —some 30,000 in last year's well-publicized exodus—hardly seem to warrant so hysterical an abuse of human rights and international law.

The Refugee Act of 1980 took a great step toward rationality by dropping the requirement that only people fleeing "Communist or Communist-dominated" states could be treated as "refugees." Its criterion (in line with that of the United Nations Convention Relating to the Status of Refugees) now is "a well-founded fear of persecution" in the country of origin "on account of race, religion, nationality, membership in a particular social group or political opinion." The act provides, for the first time in U.S. law, the right of asylum on these grounds.

But for the tens of thousands of Salvadoran and Guatemalan fugitives from state terrorism who are now in Los Angeles, New York and other U.S. cities, the right to asylum is of little use. When the Immigration and Naturalization Service apprehends them, it generally discourages them from applying for asylum. If the individual insists, the I.N.S. must obtain an advisory opinion on each case—as to whether the fear of persecution is "well-founded"—from the State Department's Bureau of Human Rights and Humanitarian Affairs. If the request is denied, the person can be repatriated, the last thing he or she wants. Consequently, most refugees accept the I.N.S. suggestion that they depart voluntarily, and take up a precarious clandestine existence in Mexico or elsewhere. The latest word is that the Administration is planning to *prohibit* people who entered the country without visas from even applying for asylum, thus subverting the intention of the 1980 law.

The United States is facing a new test of its democratic pluralism, not because the numbers of immigrants are so large but because the response to them is so extreme. The peak immigration year in U.S. history was 1907, when 1,285,349 persons were admitted. The I.N.S. is still tabulating figures for 1980, but if we add the service's estimates for immigrants (460,000 to 500,000), refugees (230,000) and parolees (130,000), we get about two-thirds of the 1907 figure. This actually exaggerates the 1980 total, since probably one-fourth of those counted as immigrants were not new arrivals but former students, tourists and so forth, adjusting their status.

The immigration of 1901-14—nearly 13 million people—was swollen by refugees from the violence and economic hardships that presaged the collapse of the European imperial system, which finished itself off in World War I. Another international system is breaking up now, creating economic dislocations as Asian, African and Latin American satraps seek to punish their people for insubordination. Again the fugitives come here, simply because their chances for survival are greater than in their homelands. But these days, the United States, in supplying arms and training to repressive regimes throughout the Third World, is contributing to its own refugee problems.

The Reagan Administration's response to the migration is a plan to keep out the needy—anybody who is likely to become a public charge—and to make the rest pay in labor and taxes for their inferior status. Once, this country held up its democracy as an example to other nations. Now the Administration is seriously considering state-supervised feudalism.

GEOFFREY FOX

Geoffrey Fox is a sociologist and author of Working-Class Emigrés From Cuba *(A & E Research Publications).*

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DISPATCHES.

■ CHILE: Pinochet's Nightmares

The worst nightmares of Chile's leaders seemed to be coming true last month. A national trade union association, Coordinadora Nacional Sindical (C.N.S.), which has vowed to "develop an active and combative resistance" to the Chilean government, was generating support from all sectors of the country's often-divided opposition. From the government's point of view, the C.N.S., which includes several hundred of the largest and most active Chilean trade unions, was beginning to act too much like Poland's Solidarity. In June, the C.N.S., which, like Solidarity in its early stages, lacks legal status, presented Chile's leaders with the Pliego Nacional, a list of demands similar to the one presented by the Polish union to authorities in Warsaw in August 1980. The Pliego called for an immediate raise in the minimum wage and changes in laws restricting the right to organize and strike, and also included general demands for more political rights, stricter controls over police practices and changes in Chile's "free market" economic policies.

The Pliego was drawn up after a national meeting last November, when union members accepted the C.N.S. executive board's challenge to "put forward a minimum, basic program to unite all the groups now confronting the government." It was time, the executive board had declared, to develop a resistance movement that "through massive expressions of non-cooperation could widen the use of civil disobedience as a tactic and begin to overcome the passivity provoked by fear."

All this was too much for President Augusto Pinochet. On July 8, he had the entire executive board arrested and jailed. The president and the secretary remain in prison; eight others are out on bail. All face trials that could lead to sentences of more than a year in jail, expulsion from the country or *relegación*, banishment to a remote area inside Chile.

The response to the arrests, unique in Chile's post-1973 experience, undoubtedly frightened the government even more. Cardinal Raul Silva Henríquez and other members of the Roman Catholic hierarchy announced their support for the right of workers to petition, and national opposition leaders—including former President Eduardo Frei—joined a C.N.S. defense committee. Four leaders of Chile's Human Rights Commission, including its president, Jaime Castillo, were expelled from the country last month for signing a public statement in support of the jailed C.N.S. officers [see editorial, "Gross Violations," *The Nation*, August 22-29].

What Chile's military rulers have most feared since the coup in which they took power eight years ago this month is a movement uniting the often-feuding center and left. While weakened by the recent arrests, the C.N.S. intends to continue giving substance to these fears.

■ BRITAIN: What a Dump!

Britain's Atomic Energy Authority (A.E.A.) began dumping 250 tons of nuclear waste in the Atlantic Ocean last month despite vociferous protests from environmentalists and antinuclear activists. Mixed with ten times its weight in cement and contained in steel drums, the radioactive debris is being dumped 500 miles off Land's End, on England's southwest coast. According to the A.E.A., the trash consists of material from laboratories and nuclear reactors.

The British government insists that health and environmental risks from the dumping are negligible, since the barrels are being discarded in water two and a half miles deep and any resulting radioactive contamination will be widely dispersed. But the United States discontinued ocean dumping in 1970 because of fears that radionuclides like strontium 90 and cesium 137 would contaminate the ocean food chain [see Michael Kepp and John Markoff, page 176]. France, West Germany and Italy have also halted marine dumping of nuclear waste. But Britain persists.

Members of Greenpeace, an international environmental group, have attempted to block the latest round of Atomic Energy Authority dumping. On July 21, the activists, sailing in their boat, the Sirius, caught up with the A.E.A.'s garbage ship, the M.V. Gem, and sent a dinghy into the fray. The Greenpeace activists on board the inflatable rubber raft were hosed down by crew members of the M.V. Gem. Nevertheless, they attempted to catch in a net one of the barrels of radioactive waste as it was tossed overboard from the government vessel. Infuriated crew members then used gaffing poles to dissuade the activists from further efforts to disrupt the dumping. Greenpeace spokesman Pete Wilkinson protested the "violent" use of the iron hooks and vowed that the group would continue its opposition to the British dumping program.

■ CHINA: Silver Smuggling

The Chinese government is intensifying its efforts to thwart the massive smuggling of silver coins to the West. An estimated $200 million worth of silver has been taken out of China in the past year and a half, according to London dealers quoted in *The Financial Times*. It is the first epidemic of silver smuggling since Mao Zedong took power in 1949 and banned private ownership of gold and silver.

An enormous amount of silver is believed to be hidden away in China. Silver coins were used extensively in the nineteenth century in the opium and tea trade with the West, and China was the last country in the world to go off the silver standard in the mid-1930s. "Total silver stocks in China in 1932 were put at 50,000 tons—worth close to $15 billion at present prices," reports *The Financial Times*.

The current epidemic of smuggling is the result of the high price of silver on international markets and the new-found desire of Chinese citizens for Western consumer goods, especially electronic items. London dealers say that the Chinese are digging up family hoards of silver coins and sending them to Hong Kong on small fishing boats. The same boats then return to China with "foreign consumer goods ranging from televisions to pocket calculators." Gold, jewelry, jade and antiques are also being smuggled to the capitalist world, but silver is the main commodity.

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ELIZABETH FARNSWORTH AND STEPHEN TALBOT

The amount of Chinese silver hitting the European markets has reportedly diminished somewhat as the price of the metal has fallen from a peak of $50 an ounce in January 1980. But the smuggling continues, despite increasingly vigilant border guards. In fact, this roundabout route may be the only way for China to get hold of the metal. In a final irony, the Beijing-controlled banks in Hong Kong are buying up silver coins smuggled out of China and sending them back to the mainland, where they are melted into silver bars at government refineries and plugged into the Chinese economy.

■ GUATEMALA: Nowhere to Run

Thousands of Guatemalan peasants have deserted their villages in recent months, running in terror from government forces and paramilitary groups operating under official protection. In June, up to 3,500 peasants fled seven communities along the Usumacinta River, which forms the border between Mexico and Guatemala's Petén region. They crossed the river into Mexico, where they became the focus of a national debate over Mexican refugee policies. On July 16 and 17, all but forty-six of the Guatemalans were deported, but not before Mexico's media had publicized their horrifying stories.

In the past year, the peasants reported, villages throughout the Petén have been taken over, one after another, by soldiers seeking to exterminate guerrillas and their supporters. The soldiers terrorized the villagers, randomly killing people as they worked in the fields. In one village, soldiers unable to get the information they sought gouged out the eyes of a young father in front of his children. Since many of the villages in the Petén are run as cooperatives, co-op leaders have been special targets. In June, after soldiers savagely killed several of the co-op leaders of El Arbolito, a small village on the Usumacinta, peasants throughout the surrounding area fled to Mexico.

Mexico has in the past been generous to political refugees, but most Guatemalans requesting asylum have been refused. In June, about 400 peasants who had traveled two weeks through the jungle to get to Mexico (fifty others died en route) were deported. They were taken by bus to a camp in northern Guatemala; no one knows what has happened to them since.

Mexican immigration authorities contend that most of the Guatemalans actually just want work or land in Mexico, and that few face imminent death in Guatemala. The truth is that the Mexican government is determined not to let its border region become embroiled in Guatemala's increasingly ferocious civil war. Mexican leaders fear that refugee camps on the border could become havens for guerrillas and then targets for the Guatemalan Army—another sideshow. Even more likely, large numbers of refugees could further destabilize the restive, largely Indian villages of Mexico's southern border region.

The Mexican government, which has frequently, and rightly, complained of the poor treatment Mexicans have received at the hands of the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service [see Geoffrey Fox, page 165], is under pressure itself from domestic church leaders and government critics who say it is time to revamp Mexico's own immigration policies before they lead indirectly to more massacres in Guatemala.

■ UPDATE: SOUTHERN AFRICA—"The Shot"

"The developed world is dumping Depo-Provera on the Third World," protests Dr. Nthato Motlana, one of South Africa's leading black physicians. Interviewed by one of our contacts in Johannesburg, Dr. Motlana confirmed previous reports [see "Dispatches," *The Nation*, December 20, 1980] that Depo-Provera, the controversial injectable birth control drug, is being widely administered to black women in South Africa by government-funded family planning agencies. The U.S. Food and Drug Administration banned the use of Depo (known as "the Shot") in the United States in 1978 because of evidence that it causes cancer and birth defects, but the manufacturer, the Upjohn Pharmaceutical Company, has continued to market the drug abroad; it is now being used by an estimated 5 million women in Asia, Latin America and Africa.

"There is no such thing as 'informed consent' here," Dr. Motlana charges. "The agencies are administering Depo-Provera shots to young black girls without even asking their consent." Dr. Motlana, a prominent antiapartheid leader who practices in the black township of Soweto, warns that in addition to its suspected carcinogenic properties, the contraceptive aggravates hypertension, "which is common among black women." "This drug should not be used, especially on young women and breast-feeding mothers," he urges. "The example of thalidomide ought to be a warning to us."

In a country where white demographers are worried about an accelerating black birth rate, the Afrikaner establishment views Depo as an excellent tool in the battle to control the size of the African population. The same could have been said of Zimbabwe until last month. Under the white-minority regime, Depo-Provera was the most widely used contraceptive among black women. But Prime Minister Robert Mugabe's government has ordered that the drug be phased out within two years because it does not consider Depo to be safe.

In response to the government ban on the drug, Peter Dodds, the white director of Zimbabwe's Family Planning Association, resigned. Dodds had relied heavily on Depo in his nine-year campaign to slash the country's birth rate. "We were really beginning to take off," he told the Salisbury *Herald*, "and then suddenly we suffer this setback." According to Dodds, 100,000 women in Zimbabwe are using Depo. The Minister of Health, Herbert Ushewokunze, said he regretted Dodds's resignation but added, "I would not have thought that a man of his caliber would have tied his life to Depo."

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ARTICLES.

THE BLACK HILLS RIP-OFF

No Acres and No Mules

PETRA SHATTUCK

At a time when multimillion-dollar attorneys' fees are commonplace, the May 20 award of $10,595,943 to three Washington, D.C., lawyers made news. Arthur Lazarus Jr., one of the country's most prominent Indian claims lawyers, and his associated contract attorneys Marvin Sonosky and William Payne received this fee for litigation and lobbying services in winning $105 million for the Sioux Nation as compensation for the Federal government's seizure of their sacred Black Hills lands in 1877 [see Jill Norgren and Petra Shattuck, "Black Hills Whitewash," *The Nation*, May 10, 1980].

The award, granted by the Court of Claims and upheld by the Supreme Court, is one of the highest ever granted by a U.S court. While news accounts echoed Lazarus's own praise for his "twenty-four years of difficult and creative lawyering" and the "nothing short of sensational result" of his lawsuit, little mention was made of the fact that the largest Sioux tribe he purported to represent had not only terminated his contract and rejected his alleged "unique accomplishment in the annals of American jurisprudence" but had also accused him of misconduct and asked the Court of Claims to withhold part of his fees.

The Indians opposing full payment of Lazarus's fees include the Oglala Sioux tribe, one of the eight tribes of the Sioux Nation, and Indian-rights activist Russell Means, who contends that Lazarus and his fellow claims attorneys "prosecuted the claim for money without proper authorization and without the understanding and consent of the Dakota people," to whom the nature and consequences of the money claim had been "totally misrepresented" since it was first filed in 1923. The intention of the Sioux people, the Means petition to the Court of Claims declares, was, and still is, to have the Black Hills returned to their rightful Indian owners. The Oglala Sioux tribe informed the Supreme Court and the Court of Claims last year that Lazarus said he represented them even after his claims contract with them had expired in 1977. He nevertheless included the Oglala Sioux tribe among the plaintiffs when he filed the last of his compensation actions in 1978.

In response to these complaints, Lazarus told the Supreme Court that he had included the tribe "in order that the interest of this client [Oglala Sioux tribe] in a major claims litigation not be prejudiced by lack of representation," and that as an officer of the court he would have been derelict in his duties if he had not done so. Not surprisingly, the Oglala Sioux tribe interpret the motive for Lazarus's continued representation on their behalf less charitably. In a motion before the Court of Claims they accuse him of "conduct which may conceivably result in an action for malpractice" and argue that his action has denied them their constitutional right not to be made plaintiff without their consent. It also binds them to a settlement that is against their wishes, providing for payment for, rather than repossession of, the land. According to the Oglala Sioux tribe's new attorney, Mario Gonzalez, it's "the difference between 7 million acres and $102.5 million." Arguing that Lazarus's action deprived the Oglala Sioux tribe "of the remedy he knew we [the tribe] sought," Gonzalez moved last summer to be made counsel of record for the tribe in the Sioux Nation suit. The Court of Claims promptly denied that motion without a hearing and without saying why.

Despite the refusal of the Court of Claims to hear the arguments of Lazarus's critics and unwilling clients, however, the problem of the representation of Indians against their will, or without their approval, will not simply disappear. The accusation of misconduct that the Oglala Sioux tribe has made against Lazarus is not the only or the first example of Indian unhappiness with the quality and honesty of their legal representation. It is merely the tip of the iceberg of Indian complaints about the failure of a small group of mostly white Eastern lawyers who specialize in Indian land claims to inform them fully and fairly of the nature and consequences of their litigation before the Indian Claims Commission and the Court of Claims.

For decades, the traditional Hopi spiritual leaders and the Miccosukee Seminoles have protested the filing of claims not authorized "by them or for them." The Pueblo of Santo Domingo last year petitioned the Court of Claims to protect it from losing title to its land because of unauthorized concessions by its former lawyers. More recently, three groups of Western Shoshone people (the Duckwater Shoshone tribe, the Battle Mountain Indian Community and the Western Shoshone Sacred Lands Association) accused their former lawyers of "an unconscionable history of attorney malpractice and misconduct" in handling Western Shoshone claims litigation. In an unprecedented action they asked the Court of Claims to withhold the payment of $2.6 million in attorneys' fees from Robert Barker, counsel of record in the case and a senior partner in Wilkinson, Cragun and Barker, one of the best known of the Washington law firms that specialize in Indian claims.

The main thing the Indians object to in the lawyers' handling of their cases is the acceptance of monetary compensation in exchange for the Indians' relinquishing title and claim to tribal lands. In separate legal actions, the Pueblo of Santo Domingo and the three Western Shoshone groups argue that the land-for-cash trades were unnecessary and unwanted, initiated by their former attorneys without

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Indian understanding or consent and pursued against their wishes. The trade was made, the Shoshones say, because it served the financial interests of their lawyers, who stood to gain huge fees under the rules of the Indian Claims Commission. These rules authorize attorneys' fees of up to 10 percent of any compensation the government might have to pay a tribe for the wrongful taking of its lands. As a senior judge of the Court of Claims stated recently, the conflict in cases before the commission is that "the counsel's interest on the usual contingent fee basis turns only on the amount of award to be extracted from defendant; yet the tribe's interest is not only in the amount of the award, but also in minimizing what land title or claim thereto it has to give up, which may be substantial." This is precisely the argument being made by embittered Shoshones in opposing Barker's fee.

In complexity and in drama, few cases equal the Shoshones' efforts to regain control of lands that are theirs by treaty as well as by aboriginal right. Nearly fifty years of legal action have brought them no closer to their goal. In fact, the lawsuit they had once hoped would protect their rights to their ancient homelands instead took that land away, perhaps forever. Today the Shoshone people are deeply divided over whether to accept or reject the proffered trade of land for cash.

A 113-page memorandum submitted to the Court of Claims by the three Shoshone groups (referred to by the court as the "Duckwater" motion) documents in great detail the claims lawyers' allegedly deliberate pursuit of a legal strategy contrary to the Indians' interests and their blatant manipulation of their increasingly unhappy clients. Most important, however, is the accusation by the Duckwater's new attorneys, Thomas Luebben of a small New Mexico law firm and Robert Coulter of the public interest Indian Law Resource Center in Washington, D.C., that Barker and his associates did not make clear to their clients from the beginning that their legal strategy would inevitably extinguish the Western Shoshones' title to nearly 24 million acres of their tribal lands in return for monetary compensation based on nineteenth-century market values. That, however, was the result. Two years ago, twenty-eight years after the case was filed, an Indian Claims Commission decision awarded the Shoshones $26 million as compensation for their title to the 24 million acres—a little more than $1 an acre.

Another charge often made by Indian groups is that their attorneys have purported to represent all members of a tribe when, in fact, they were speaking for only one faction. The traditional Hopi and Seminole peoples, as well as the Western Shoshones, were subjected to such involuntary representation, according to reports prepared by the Indian Law Resource Center. They have from the beginning tried to dissociate themselves from attorneys who returned again and again to force their services on them. Even before claims lawyer John Boyden of Salt Lake City filed a petition with the Indian Claims Commission in 1951, the traditional Hopi villages of Hotevilla, Shungopovi and Mishongnovi sent a letter to President Truman stating their opposition to the filing of any Hopi claims before the commission; and less than a week after Boyden's petition was filed, traditional Hopi religious leaders protested to the commission that the petition had not been and could not be filed on their behalf. "Other Hopi villages may file in a claim but we who know the truths will not sell our homes, our land, our religion and our way of life for money," they told Washington.

Yet despite these protests and despite the fact that these Hopi villages, which Boyden himself later characterized as a major faction of the Hopi people, would have nothing to do with approving a claims contract, Boyden filed a claims petition in which he represented himself as the attorney for *all* Hopis. Ironically, nearly twenty years later, after the Indian Claims Commission had extinguished Hopi title to more than 4 million acres in return for a $5 million settlement, Boyden urged the commission to award him the full 10 percent, or $500,000, fee because the lack of cooperation and the persistent opposition of "a major segment of the Hopi population" had made his work that much more difficult. While Boyden has collected his fee, the traditional Hopi still refuse to accept "the few pieces of silver" in compensation for their heritage, their homeland and their birthright.

Underlying the charges of legal misconduct or misrepresentation in these cases are broader legal and political questions about the connection between the strategies pursued by the claims lawyers and the role played by the Indian Claims Commission and the Court of Claims in confirming—and indeed legitimizing—the denial of constitutional protections of Indian property. Although it was set up in 1946 to right the ancient wrongs done to American Indians by the Federal government, the commission has not achieved that goal in the view of many tribal leaders. According to

DRAWINGS BY TOM KLEH

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A NOTICE TO OUR READERS

The Nation Institute, the nonprofit, tax-exempt affiliate of *The Nation*, is responding to the needs of writers in all fields by organizing The American Writers Congress, to be held Columbus Day weekend, October 9-12, at the Roosevelt Hotel in New York City. More than 2,500 working writers will gather to address the political, economic and esthetic problems that they face. Through panels, workshops and plenaries, the Congress will establish action committees and task forces to help protect the Freedom of Information Act (F.O.I.A.), to win health and libel insurance and higher payment floors for writers, to create outlets for progressive investigative reporting, to set up independent publishing and distribution networks, to try to enlarge the audience for serious writing, and to propose a possible structure for a national writers union.

The program now includes Toni Morrison and Meridel LeSueur, who will deliver the keynote addresses, and Jules Feiffer, Tillie Olsen, Amiri Baraka, Paula Gunn Allen, William Appleman Williams, Denise Levertov, Eve Pell, Herbert Gutman and Nat Hentoff, who will participate in various panels.

We need your help. For a tax-deductible contribution of $25 or more you can join the growing list of Friends of The American Writers Congress, which will be printed in the Congress program. Your donation will help offset the costs of the Congress and insure the participation of those who could not otherwise afford to attend.

Please send your contribution today to The American Writers Congress and indicate if you plan to attend.

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them, the commission's procedures and decisions display such a marked bias against Indian interests that the already weak legal protection for tribal lands actually diminished after it was established.

The Indians hold their former lawyers in no small part responsible for the commission's adverse rulings on their land rights. As Chief Judge Daniel Friedman of the Court of Claims noted last year in summarizing the arguments of "the new school" of attorneys who are now challenging the outcome of earlier claims litigation, legal strategies in the past have been responsible for the tendency of the Indian Claims Commission "to assume or presume" that all land outside established reservation boundaries has *somehow* been taken by the U.S. government. "The alternative that Indians might still own the land was likely not to be seriously urged by any party," Friedman wrote. And so the commission's proceedings became a mechanism for assessing money awards, not for confirming the Indians' title to land that had never been legally taken from them.

But all the charges against the claims attorneys come down to the inherent conflict of interest in their handling of Indian land cases. It is not the size of their awards—high fees are hardly unusual in legal practice—that is the main issue. It is the fact that, as Chief Trial Judge Philip Nichols Jr. of the Court of Claims stated in an angry dissent in the Santo Domingo case, "the attorney's interest, but not the tribe's, is to effect a judicial sale, as it were, of tribal land at values of some historic past date, not of the present, to be set by the Commission, whether or not the Indians may in reality ever have had their title extinguished except by the ICC proceeding itself." That is, compensation for land and resources taken wrongfully—or not at all—from tribes at rates determined by nineteenth-century market values has been of negligible benefit, and perhaps even of serious harm, to them, while compensation for attorneys specializing in representing these tribes has been extremely generous. In the course of the last three decades of claims litigation, tribes have lost rights and title to tens of millions of acres, while claims attorneys have collected between $80 million and $100 million in fees.

Although this conflict of interest was built into Indian Claims Commission procedures from the beginning by tying attorneys' fees to the money awards made to tribes, "it has long been tacitly ignored in ICC cases," as Judge Nichols noted. This does not surprise Indian activists, who point out that the commission was created through Congressional lobbying by the same lawyers who subsequently became the chief practitioners before it. Evidence supporting this charge comes not only from the commission's Indian critics but also from the claims lawyers themselves. Their own testimony emphasizes the symbiotic relationship between the commission, the Court of Claims and the Indian claims bar. In response to the Duckwater's charges of legal misconduct on the part of Robert Barker and his firm, Barker's attorney, Roy Thompson, also a member of the established claims bar, stressed that the "ICC is largely the result of the professional skill and persuasiveness" of the firm of Wilkinson, Cragun and Barker. "It is recognized," Thompson said, "among

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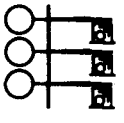
On August 7, 1981, a federal judge in Lynchburg, Virginia, agreed and dismissed the case, saying, "The First Amendment's freedoms of speech and press are too precious to be eroded or undermined by the likes and dislikes of persons who invite attention and publicity by their own voluntary actions."

PENTHOUSE applauds the stand taken by the court, not only for our own self-interest, but also on behalf of every American who values his rights of freedom of speech and freedom of the press.



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those knowledgeable in the field that the attorneys so viciously attacked here, through their professional competence and ingenuity, along with others, literally brought about the creation of the forum through which the Indians of the United States have the opportunity to seek and obtain redress for ancient wrongs."

The Indians' prospects for a successful suit against their former attorneys in the Court of Claims are bleak. So far, the court has shown little willingness to re-examine its past decisions or to look critically at the ethics and actions of the Indian claims bar. The request of the Pueblo of Santo Domingo to withdraw from the unauthorized stipulation made in 1969 by its former lawyers was summarily rejected by the Court of Claims in April as coming "far too late in the day." The court paid no attention to the Pueblo's repeated attempts to correct the claims attorneys' change in legal strategy, nor to the fact that a lack of funds had prevented the Indians from hiring a new attorney. Although the majority's opinion acknowledged that the 1969 concession of extinguishment of Indian title "represented a significant change in the theory of the case," the court was not, as dissenting Judge Nichols observed, "interested in finding out whether misconduct occurred." In a decision based not on fact but on "superrational intuition" and "arbitrary irrebuttable presumptions," according to Nichols, the court denied the petition without hearing oral argument and without allowing the Indians to submit what might have been a prima facie case to trial. On June 3, the Duckwater's opposition to Barker's fees was denied by the Court of Claims on the ground that the legal issues underlying their case could not be relitigated.

The traditional Hopi and Seminole peoples have also made futile attempts to disavow the claims compensation schemes of their lawyers. Novel arguments, like the one made by Hopi lawyer Boyden that an attorney is entitled to higher fees because his "clients" did not want his assistance and therefore refused to cooperate, have passed unquestioned, as have the arguments of Seminole attorneys who purported to represent *all* Seminoles while opposing a motion to dismiss by the traditional Seminoles on the ground that the latter were not party to the proceedings.

No doubt one of the reasons for the reluctance of the Court of Claims to look closely at Indian charges of attorney misconduct or misrepresentation is that such complications threaten the completion of decades-old cases. The court quite openly justifies its refusal to allow Indian plaintiffs "their day in court," citing Congressional eagerness to have the claims business finished once and for all. So far, Judge Nichols appears to be the only member of the court who is willing to admit that the 1946 Indian Claims Act "was not very successful as an appeaser of Indian discontent" but functioned instead "beyond anyone's fondest hopes as a breeder of costly and prolonged litigation." The Pueblo of Santo Domingo and the Western Shoshone decisions may well indicate that the court as a whole is ready to close the door firmly in the faces of petitioning Indians for fear of opening a political and legal Pandora's box.

The Indians' resources are limited, there are only a few lawyers willing to help them, and the political climate is hardly propitious. Despite these problems, Indians and the lawyers who now represent them are committed to their course of action. They consider their challenges to unwanted land-cash trades particularly urgent at a time when Indian ownership of an estimated 16 percent to 25 percent of the country's energy resources subjects tribes to enormous pressures to sell or develop them. As long as Indian property rights remain relegated, as Tom Luebben says bitterly, "to the status of a supermarket discount coupon, revocable at will and compensable only by the discretionary beneficence of the dominant society," there is little hope that Indians will be able to withstand that pressure. As long as the representation of Indians is left to attorneys who have in the past shown little interest in helping their clients retain their land, there is much reason to fear that they will be left with nothing.

In the past, when Indians owned land that non-Indian society needed or wanted, it was taken from them without hesitation. The last three decades of claims litigation have legitimized that seizure. Without persistent challenge to the legal dogma that Indians must trade their land and title for "a few pieces of silver," the past will merely be prologue. □

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LIVING ON THE MARGIN

Poland's Survival Instinct

JOANNA CLARK

The owner of a small shooting gallery in one of the few Polish shore resorts where the water is not totally polluted displays three kinds of prizes: cigarettes, tiny chocolate bars, a few cakes of soap. A middle-aged professor of philosophy from the University of Wroclaw has a serious dilemma—what to aim for. The day before he surprised himself and his family by becoming an excellent shot, and now he has only one try left. His wife must have a pack of cigarettes a day, his two teen-age daughters crave sweets but sugar is severely rationed, and at the back of his mind is the paper-thin scrap of soap left in their bathroom. "We are back in the Middle Ages," he says, "hunting, trading goods, praying. They want to break our spirit with dirt and hunger."

Everybody in Poland agrees as to who "they" are: the political leaders in the Soviet Union, their allies in other Eastern European countries and the *decidents,* a neologism meaning Polish decision makers, who have been clinging frantically to their privileged status, which has been badly jeopardized by the victorious strikes of August 1980. The *decidents* hope that Russian military intervention won't be necessary, that the Solidarity-Roman Catholic Church alliance will not be able to prevent the Polish Troy from falling out of sheer physical exhaustion. Certainly for them a more optimistic conclusion to Poland's trouble seems unlikely. The country is economically and ecologically broken. Its industry, which is in disarray, cannot produce because Poland can no longer afford to import the necessary technology and raw materials. Its agriculture has been devastated by three and a half decades of contradictory policies. Many of its cattle refuse to breed; its rivers are horribly contaminated; Gdansk Bay is biologically dead—the result of experiments with chemical warfare, according to some.

For the first time in Poland's postwar history, people are openly asking how all this was allowed to happen, and answers are being offered in every public forum—from the numerous publications sponsored by Solidarity to the suddenly revitalized state-owned media. Such honesty and fury have not been heard in Poland since the first Polish Republic of Workers and Peasants was proclaimed on July 22, 1944, by a group of agents of the prewar Russian secret police (N.K.V.D.), who managed within the next two years to eliminate the popular leaders of the Polish left.

The thirty-seventh anniversary of this event, Poland's official national holiday, was observed this year, but it was not celebrated. Nevertheless, the event and its consequences, which were referred to in the propagandist jargon of the time as the "consolidation of the people's power," have now prompted several articles and pamphlets by historians who wish to dispel the fog surrounding the birth of the Stalinist regime in Poland. An article in *Solidarność* by Krystyna Kersten describes the Kremlin's efforts to purge all the people who represented independent socialist or social-democratic orientations from the first postwar Polish government.

Another widely circulated document, *The Political Prisoners in Poland 1945-55,* published by a group of Gdansk historians, reveals in minute detail the formation in Poland of the first Office of Security, the U.B. units, run largely by the K.G.B. The document names the first victims, their investigators and torturers, and describes the methods of investigation, the conditions in prisons and so forth. The most frequent victims of the U.B. hunts were the officers of the Polish resistance, the leaders of both the prewar Polish Socialist Party and the Polish Peasants Party, priests who refused to keep silent and returning prisoners of

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war. Few were granted trials, and those who were, were often sentenced for "collaborating with the occupant" and ended up sharing their cells with former Gestapo functionaries.

The picture that emerges from these fragmentary efforts to write at last the history of postwar Poland helps explain what has gone wrong there: The Soviet model of socialism did not work because scarcely anyone in Poland wanted or supported it.

The Polish proletariat was always suspicious of Moscow, and equally distrustful of the "Bolsheviks" whom it helped to defeat in the Polish-Russian war of 1920. Peasants, even those who benefited from the agricultural reforms after the war, dreaded collectivization. Both groups were deeply attached to the Church. The majority of the Polish intelligentsia dreamed not of an Eastern European Poland but of a European Poland. But in 1945, Poland hadn't the strength to fight for alternatives to the Russian model. Besides, some people—not many, but just enough to help the unpopular government build up a thin appearance of social justice—supported the new regime. As always in the history of revolutions, many of these were intellectuals who imagined themselves in the forefront of progress. But in 1956, they too withdrew their support when the government ordered the secret police to shoot at the gray columns of Poznan workers who were carrying signs saying "WE WANT TO EAT" and "WE ARE SICK OF PROPAGANDA."

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the Poznan revolt was commemorated this spring. Teatr Polski in Poznan staged a chronicle of the events of the revolt; and on opening night, those in the audience who had participated in that first bloody confrontation were asked to come on stage.

While the entire nation remembered Poznan, representatives to Party conferences throughout Poland stormily elected candidates to the Extraordinary Party Congress. The congress itself was widely covered in the West, but jour-

Zbigniew Bujak Speaks

Mazowsze is the central region of Poland. Warsaw is its largest city. Solidarity has numerous regional branches throughout Poland, and Solidarity Mazowsze is the largest of these. Its chairman, Zbigniew Bujak, who is 25 years old, is considered the most influential leader of the union movement after Lech Walesa. Before being elected to his present position, Bujak was a mechanical worker in Ursus, the big tractor plant near Warsaw. Although physically rather frail, he is often described as Solidarity's "man of iron." The following passages are from an interview conducted in Warsaw.

Clark: What is it in Poland that the movement of renewal wants to change?

Bujak: Bad government, from top to bottom. Bad, because it is monopolized by one group that controls every area of life in the country but is itself not subject to any form of control. We are determined that the Party will no longer decide everything in every plant, office, school and hospital. Such decisions always favor the interests of this small group to the detriment of those who work hardest, and who are the poorest and most helpless—those who have been deprived of any say in their lives.

Clark: The fall of Edward Gierek's government was the third big shake-up of power in Poland since World War II. After the fall of Boleslaw Bierut and the end of the so-called Stalinist period, there were promises of democratization, of the "Polish road to socialism." These did not materialize. When Wladyslaw Gomulka fell in late 1970, Gierek promised modernization of the economy. Now the Party is promising economic convalescence if only the country "goes back to work." Can these promises be trusted any more now than in the past?

Bujak: No group in power can be trusted without some checks and controls over it. In the face of protests from angry workers, the Party was willing to give up a little while promising a lot. But now that the Party's new Central Committee contains forty members from Solidarity, the situation is quite different. The workers are no longer simply an angry crowd to be kept at a distance and treated like a mass of dirty, presumably drunken, robots. But to answer your question, I'd say that the emergence and continuance of Solidarity is the best guarantee of the success of the promised reforms.

Clark: There has been much talk recently about moderates and extremists within Solidarity. What is the difference between them; what issues are involved?

Bujak: I don't like these labels, extremist, conformist and so on. Our union is new, and it is a mass movement that has attracted people of varying views and beliefs. Of course, we do have arguments, and I'd say that some of our leaders are more interested at the moment in organizational issues while others, like myself, care more about the program, the goals. To give you an example: There is a crucial problem now of self-government in factories and other institutions. We are being told that this is not the union's business. But it is! And we cannot afford to give up on this issue.

Clark: How do you see the future of Solidarity after the Party Congress?

Bujak: We can by no means allow ourselves to get scared, to step backward, or to become a partner in the politics of the lesser evil. We have to keep on our minds our major objective, to continue to be a strong, independent, national union. Our major goal is democracy, democracy for the country and within the union. We must watch out for the autocratic tendencies in Solidarity—more than strong leadership we need a firm program. We must avoid becoming too centralized. It's easier to fight a dragon with one head than one with several heads. □

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nalists from Czechoslovakia or East Germany were as scarce as Bulgarian tomatoes, Russian watermelons and Hungarian wines, which were absent from Warsaw's stores this summer for the first time in many years. Nevertheless, some Czechs and East Germans, mostly professionals invited to attend various seminars and symposiums, did not hide their hope that the Poles would hold on and that Solidarity would not abandon its programs. "We suffocate at home. Here, at least we can breathe," they whispered. They share the wishful view, heard often from Poles of the older generation, that the Soviet Union is "an anachronism," a military colossus economically rotten inside, which will not be able to withstand the oncoming rebellion of the Moslems in its Asiatic republics. One hundred and eighty years ago the Poles put their hopes in Napoleon; now they put their hopes in the Moslem Uzbecks . . .

But not the young Poles, not the Solidarity generation. They have more immediate hopes and worries. They don't remember the war; they have hardly ever seen a Russian; they've never seen an Uzbeck. They want to bring their sick country back to health, impose worker controls on management and oversee the distribution of goods, services and health care. What they fight is the resistance of the apparatchicks afraid of losing their privileges, or of admitting to basic failure.

Of the problems besetting Solidarity, none are more pressing than nutrition and health care. "We have a catastrophic increase in the number of children sick and dying from malnutrition, chemical pollution and diseases such as rickets, tuberculosis and colitis. We have the highest infant mortality rate in Europe, and frighteningly inadequate hospital facilities," said a woman doctor, the leader of Solidarity in one of Warsaw's clinics. "All that did not happen in just the last few years. From the very beginning, medicine was last on the list of priorities—as if all diseases were to disappear in a socialist state. Doctors were underpaid, and nuns, traditionally the most devoted nurses, were not allowed to work in hospitals. The nursing and lab personnel we have now are undereducated and their salaries are ridiculously small. The pharmaceutical industry has collapsed, and we are almost totally dependent on the medicines and hospital supplies sent to Poland as gifts. And what is perhaps worse, especially from my point of view as a pediatrician, is that no food, milk or water in Poland is safe to consume. One of the first actions of my Solidarity group was to arrange a deal with some farms to produce chemical-free carrots for the infant diarrhea patients. We have to save our children from all those thieves of life and well-being."

And children are born in Poland these days aplenty. I have never seen so many young couples with baby carriages, so many pregnant women, so many college-age fathers hanging diapers on the tiny balconies of the unfinished apartment buildings. "It's the need for something authentic in life," one of them told me. "It's the survival instinct," explained an old taxicab driver, the same one who told me the difference between Lenin and Edward Gierek. Lenin turned thieves into Communists; Gierek reversed the process. □

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POISONING THE OCEANS

The Marine 'Love Canal'

MICHAEL KEPP AND JOHN MARKOFF

The dumping of high-level radioactive wastes in the oceans, a practice the Environmental Protection Agency has long denied ever occurred, was more widespread than even many antinuclear critics have assumed. Recently discovered documents from the Atomic Energy Commission (now the Nuclear Regulatory Commission) disclose that during the 1950s, more than 1,000 drums of high-level nuclear wastes, normally buried underground, were sunk off the coasts of North America. The documents reveal that some of these wastes are among the most toxic materials generated in the nuclear fuel cycle and are at least forty times more radioactive than the low-level wastes previously known to have been dumped.

This new information—along with preliminary evidence that some radioactivity has already entered the oceanic food chain and a report in the July issue of *Mother Jones* that Japan plans to dump 100,000 barrels of radioactive materials in the ocean annually beginning in 1982—points up the urgency of dealing with this long-ignored environmental abuse. Representative Glenn Anderson, Democrat of California, warns of the prospect of a "marine Love Canal" unless the United States begins extensive monitoring of oceanic nuclear waste, something the government has shown little interest in. But the disclosure in the July issue of *New England Outdoors* of at least three new dump sites in Massachusetts Bay has triggered the scheduling of a Congressional hearing later this month in Boston.

The E.P.A. maintains that the more than 89,000 barrels of radioactive refuse dumped by the United States between 1946 and 1970 pose no threat because they contain only low-level wastes such as short-lived medical isotopes, contaminated clothing, animal carcasses from nuclear experiments and other detritus of the atomic age. But now we find, according to a 1959 A.E.C. document, that the "nose cone of a large missile contaminated with radioactive material and made of beryllium" is embedded in a huge cement slab dumped in Pacific coastal waters. Whether the nose cone is the tip of an ICBM or a discarded nuclear weapon is not known. However, the disposal company that packaged this item did note that "considerable risk would be involved in cutting the cone to fit regular barrels."

Another A.E.C. report reveals that in 1955, 740 drums of "high-level solid wastes" packaged by the Westinghouse Atomic Power Division Bettis Field Facility in Pittsburgh were trucked to Earle, New Jersey, the Navy's embarkation point for radioactive material, and dumped at sea. In the same year, according to the report, Brookhaven National Laboratory on Long Island trucked 309 barrels of "high-level wastes," most of which were generated by the laboratory's nuclear reactor, to a Long Island naval dock within one three-day period. On the West Coast, the University of California Radiation Laboratory at Berkeley disposed of its "high-level large volume aqueous waste" in specially constructed ocean-bound blocks, according to testimony given by Prof. John Kaufman before a Joint Committee on Atomic Energy hearing in 1958. And drums that originated at California's Lawrence Livermore Laboratories were found to be emitting thirty times more radiation than would be expected from low-level waste, according to an A.E.C. inspector who monitored them aboard a ship in Long Beach, California, prior to their disposal.

The dangers posed by these past dumping operations are compounded by the unsafe way in which the wastes were packaged. Nuclear byproducts, some of which will remain toxic for hundreds of thousands of years, were put into metal drums not designed to last more than three or four decades. It was assumed that these corroding drums would gradually disperse the wastes into the aquatic environment (which means the initial release period will occur in the 1980s and 1990s). However, some of the drums ruptured upon hitting the ocean floor, spilling their contents immediately. When ocean dumping ended in 1970, more than 89,000 of these radioactive time-release capsules had been deep-sixed at more than fifty offshore sites that ring our three coasts.

Despite the extent of the dumping, the E.P.A. sticks to its claim that only low-level wastes were dumped, posing no threat to man or the deep-sea environment. E.P.A. radiation scientist Robert Dyer says that the low levels of radiation the agency measured around the drums located on the Farallon Islands nuclear dump site, thirty miles west of San Francisco, support this contention. Yet at a Congressional hearing on the environmental impact of the dump site held last October in San Francisco, Dyer and other E.P.A. spokesmen admitted that of the 47,500 drums dumped in the area, their survey teams had inspected only 150. Dyer added that a quarter of those drums had already ruptured.

Jackson Davis, a professor of biology and environmental studies at the University of California at Santa Cruz, also testified at the hearing. Using data collected by the E.P.A., Davis had calculated that plutonium levels in ocean sediment cores from the Farallon Islands dump site were from eight to 2,208 times higher than expected and that the amount of plutonium in the flesh of edible fish was 188 times higher than expected.

Following Davis's testimony, Dr. Hal Ross, representing Project Tektite, a private oceanographic research group, testified that during a research trip near the islands, a Tektite diver had stumbled across similar drums in only 160 feet of water. Nearly all of these drums had ruptured. Tektite conducted several more dives and eventually found a total of seventy drums, some in water as shallow as sixty feet. Dyer later explained that this shallow-water dump site

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was probably the result of a typographical error, "the simple dropping of a zero from the depth designated for disposal." Ross discovered another possible explanation for the shallow underwater grave. Some of the captains who had run barges carrying drums filled with nuclear wastes told him that in inclement weather the drums were frequently unloaded in shallow water or wherever it was easiest to dump them.

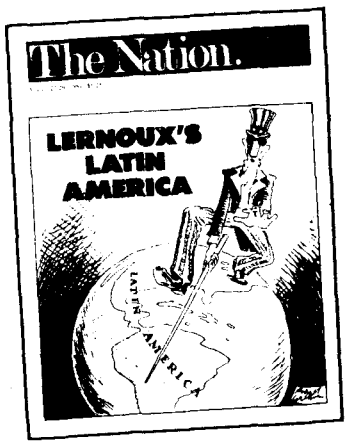
This practice, known as "short-dumping," might also explain what happened to the 3,000 barrels of radioactive material, including plutonium, generated by Atomics International, now a division of Rockwell International. The waste, supposedly dumped between 1953 and 1961 in the Santa Cruz Channel, thirty-three miles from Los Angeles, has never been found by the underwater survey teams that have searched for it.

The military, whose own list of past dumping operations has never been made public, also secretly disposed of wastes at sea. Earlier this year, a retired Navy pilot, George Earle 4th, revealed that he had flown three missions aboard a B-17 bomber in 1947 to dispose of between six and eight tons of radioactive waste off the coast of New Jersey. One documented military dump took place about 150 miles off the Delaware-Maryland border, where the Navy "decommissioned" an entire nuclear reactor vessel. When Navy personnel went back to look for the reactor twenty years later, they were unable to find it. Other military dumpings took place in undisclosed locations. The procedures under which many of them were carried out are outlined in a license-renewal application of the Naval Radiological Defense Laboratory: "After each dump a thorough inspection is made of the dump area to ascertain that all containers have sunk. In the rare event of a floating radioactive waste container, it is sunk by gunfire."

So far, there has been no systematic attempt to monitor known dump sites for radioactive contamination of the surrounding environment. Last September, Representative Anderson introduced a bill to study the effects of past oceanic disposal of radioactive waste, but such legislation, if passed, would be meaningless without proper funding. The E.P.A. has never been given a formal budget to study the effects of this dumping; the five surveys the agency conducted between 1974 and 1978 were funded by $500,000 left over from other E.P.A. programs.

Given the Administration's environmental priorities, the prospects for adequate funding are uncertain, to say the least. Meanwhile, the agency is still being given funds ($500,000 in 1980) to re-examine the feasibility of using the ocean for the disposal of nuclear wastes, and the Federal government has spent more than $30 million to study the possibility of burying high-level wastes beneath the ocean floor.

Fish and the oceans they inhabit are globally shared resources. They respect no national boundary. Neither does the radioactivity they will inevitably bring back to us. Some of the high- and low-level radioactive wastes now leaking from underwater drums will remain toxic for 500,000 years, or 10,000 human generations. In the 1980s and 1990s, as the walls of these more than 89,000 drums begin to corrode, the rate at which radioactivity leaches into the ocean will rise considerably, accelerating the speed with which it contaminates our food and our children's food. □



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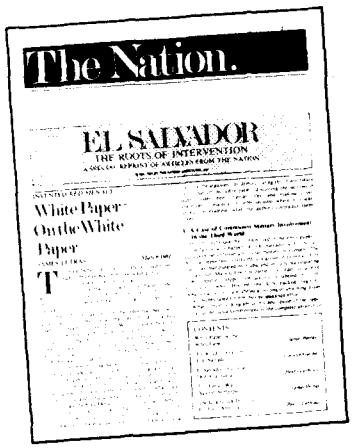

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Autonomy

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

vested interest, and why without even that rationale these same people ignored George Kennan's visceral attack on American responsibility for the arms race, which he delivered two weeks after Kimball spoke out against the MX.

What really troubles me, however, is that left-liberals and democratic radicals have had virtually the same response to Kimball's statement as the hard-liners. I think that response is a mistake, because we can learn something important from the way the Mormons have integrated moral, ecological, pragmatic and communitarian values in *a clear policy for a specific region*.

It may be true, as various people have suggested to me, that the left thinks of the Mormons as a bunch of sexist businessmen who control regional politics, rather than as a small religious group concentrated in one region. I would agree that many of them are sexist businessmen who also entertain and act upon other unpleasant prejudices; but I think that it is a serious mistake to deny or discount the reality of their commitment to a religious community.

In a similar way, it can be argued that the left in America is already committed to regionalism or decentralization, and hence has no lessons to learn from Kimball and his flock. I think that argument is more hope than reality, more rhetoric than practice. One can point to various models of decentralization and to specific protests against nuclear power, and I do not discount their importance. But the left has created nothing to compare with the concentrated force of the Mormon opposition to the MX and to the American acceleration of the arms race.

I would not claim that the Mormons have by themselves stymied the MX. There are other Christians and atheists and agnostics in Wyoming (once a possible missile site) and in other communities who have supported that objective for their own reasons. Even some cold warriors consider it absurd. But the Mormons added a new dimension to the debate at a crucial moment, and we on the left make a serious mistake if we do not acknowledge that truth.

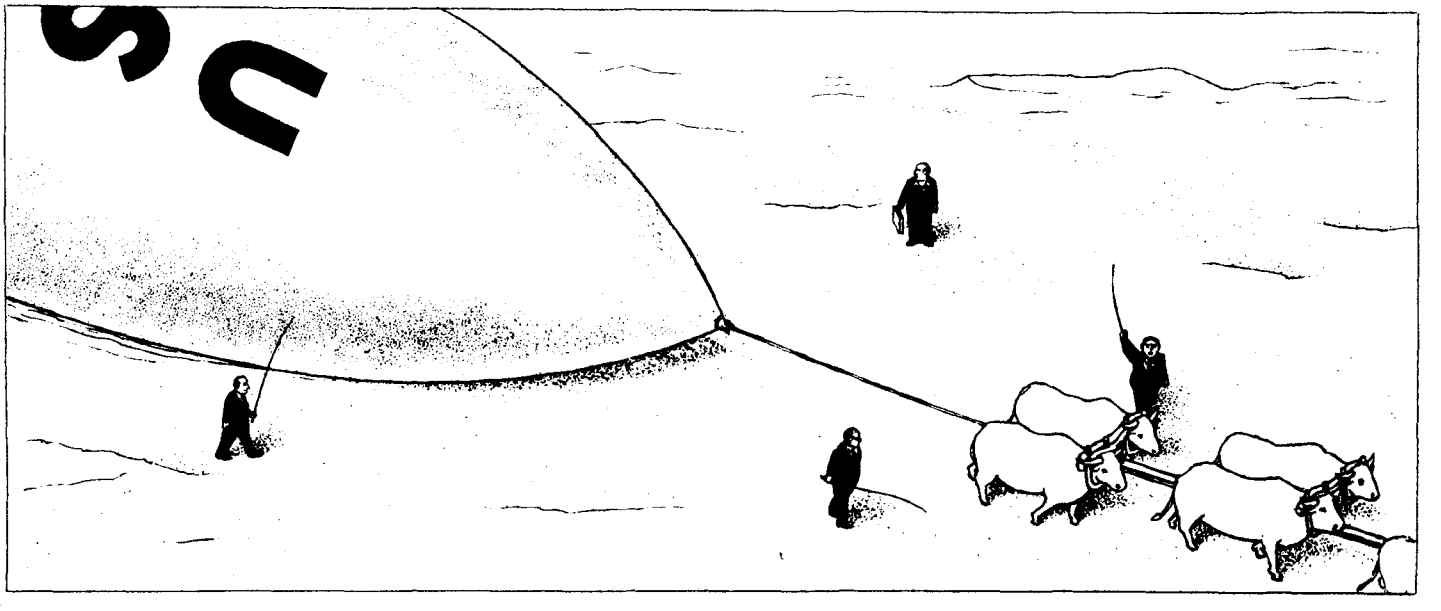
We radicals suffer from three related illnesses that may well become terminal. The first is our inability to imagine a *different* America. I cannot for the life of me imagine why anybody should take us seriously as *radicals* unless and until we present ourselves as people who have a new vision of life in these United States. The second is our lack of staying power in the rudimentary work of people-to-people politics. We are very good at organizing demonstrations, but we do not elect many people to important offices. And the third is our reluctance to commit ourselves to changing conditions in the places in which we live. We seem mesmerized by the will-o'-the-wisp of All or Nothing.

Now I am aware that some radicals are beginning to recognize and confront these problems. But for that very reason, it seems to me that we should applaud the Mormon opposition to the MX and the arms race precisely because it comes from a religious group that is limited in numbers and concentrated in geographic space.

These are the reasons I offer that judgment. First, we ignore at our peril the reality that the Mormons do generate and sustain a functioning community within their hierarchical system. On the foundation of routine but personal and social politics, they do create an effective infrastructure that provides basic care for all their members. Indeed, they very probably do that more effectively than any other community of Americans.

Second, the Mormons display a very shrewd understanding of the kind of national power that can grow out of organizing a relatively small number of people in a specific region. They comprehend the politics of demography and ecology at least as well as any other group in contemporary

William Appleman Williams teaches in the department of history at Oregon State University. He is president of the Organization of American Historians and is the author most recently of Empire as a Way of Life *(Oxford University Press).*



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America. And that includes blacks, browns and members of the Sierra Club. Imagine what would happen if radicals and left-liberals created a comparable power base in Washington and Oregon, California, Alabama, or even Massachusetts or New York.

One catches a whiff of that potential in the law recently passed in the state of Washington prohibiting the storage of out-of-state radioactive waste. That scared the hell out of conservatives and liberals alike. But that is nothing compared to what would happen if a majority of Washingtonians, Oregonians or Californians sent word to the White House that their states were off-limits to the development and deployment of nuclear weapons, and that they were also going to take control of the use of their natural resources. Placed in that context, as it should be, the Mormon statement on the MX and the arms race is revealed as a truly radical action.

The Mormon declaration underscores the value of several recent books that have been too little considered by radicals and left-liberals. Arthur Selwyn Miller talks very soberly in *Democratic Dictatorship* about the ways that the Constitution has been used to deny democracy in the name of social welfare as well as of law and order. He correctly perceives that the Constitution can be—and has been—read to justify almost any formal or informal centralization of power.

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Miller's analysis points up the basic weakness of classical radical strategy: By concentrating on taking over the system, radicals strengthen the system. And, even if they were to succeed (a highly unlikely eventuality), radicals would be confronted with the inherently insoluble problem of changing the system while managing the system to provide more equitable social services from the system. It is a dead end. The history of all socialist governments to date.

So what to do? Jane Jacobs gives us an important cue in her quietly devastating book *The Question Separatism: Quebec and the Struggle Over Sovereignty*: "The answer lies in changing the system as an integral part of gaining power through the democratic process." Which is to say that radicals come to power through fragmenting centralized power.

But where is the Quebec of the United States? In one very important sense, the Mormons have answered that question. Radicals, however, do not think in those terms. Radicals continue to go to Washington, D.C., not to the state of Washington. Which means that radicals have lost the sense of the meaning of radicalism. That is why Joel Garreau's book *The Nine Nations of North America* is so valuable. It is too impressionistic, and more than a bit slapdash, but in the end he comes down to the central issue: "In Quebec, it dawned on me, they resist."

So how does one resist? I suggest that there are two answers. First, one resists by learning from the Mormons. We radicals must develop a different conception *and practice* of America and then persuade our neighbors that we are honoring the true spirit of America. That we together are the bearers of the torch. That *We* rather than *They* decide our common future.

Second, as Jane Mansbridge tells us in *Beyond Adversary Democracy*, we must commit ourselves to a democracy as defined by "common interest and equal respect." We must go back to the roots of democracy and community. We must insist that we are more than egos battering our way to the trough. We assert the ancient truth: It may be in my short-term interest to put another cow on the commons, but I refuse to do so because I know that in the long run I will destroy even my own cow.

Radicals must be radical. I spoke earlier of our deep-seated hunger (even lust) for the will-o'-the-wisp of All or Nothing. But we now face a situation in which to go for it all is to get nothing.

We must take this monstrous system apart piece by piece. We can learn something from those ancient antislavery Northerners like John Quincy Adams *who advocated secession by the North.*

None of us has either the imagination or the nerve to consider secession. But surely, somehow, we can muster the will to mimic the Mormons and transform interest group politics into regional community power.

We can stop terribly bad things by organizing ourselves in our communities and regions.

And if we halt evil in our own backyard, we can disrupt evil across this continent. For the want of a nail . . .

We can be that nail. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Sundays at Seven

MICHAEL SCHUDSON

P. T. Barnum observed that people *like* to be fooled, so long as they can learn how it is done. A prospective customer, glancing at the posters announcing mermaids and other wonders inside Barnum's American Museum, asked him, "Is it real or is it humbug?" Barnum replied, "That's just the question: persons who pay their money at the door have a right to form their own opinions after they have got upstairs."

What Barnum knew about entertainment pertains of course to the appeal of the magic act and the card trick. But the enjoyment of illusion and unveiling is also a vital element in our passion for facts, behind-the-scenes revelations and confessions of all sorts. Both the open dare of the magic act and the challenge of the brave reporter play upon our fascination with the question Barnum engaged: Is it real or is it humbug? And if it is humbug, how is it done?

60 Minutes, despite its reputation for seriousness (to which I will return), is well within the Barnum tradition of entertainment. It is fascinated with swindlers and it is, itself, a kind of con. Of the 114 stories aired in the 1979-80 season, which are collected in *60 Minutes Verbatim* (CBS News, Arno Press, 651 pp., $20), twenty deal with swindles. Much of the appeal of *60 Minutes* can be traced to the intimacy its correspondents share with con men.

A show from the 1981 season in which Mike Wallace interviews Mel Weinberg, the swindler who helped the F.B.I. run Abscam, reveals the *60 Minutes* style. Wallace cannot hide his surprise and amusement at the gullibility of the people Weinberg had swindled nor his admiration for the elegant simplicity of Weinberg's cons. When the con artist is a large corporation or the government, *60 Minutes* is more solemn, but the con artist as small entrepreneur is the real hero of the show.

In Dan Rather's segment on stolen farm and construction equipment, he interviews a fence who gets off the best line of the show. How much money does the fence earn a year on stolen goods? Three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, says the fence. "That, of course, is tax free," says Rather. "I should hope so," replies the fence. And in Morley Safer's report on a restaurateur who operates "off the books" to avoid taxes, the restaurateur says he is not worried that the Internal Revenue Service may be watching him on the show. "I could get on the boat and go out to the Bahamas," he says. "I don't think they have too many tax problems out there." And Safer laughs. (The last laugh may belong to the I.R.S., which, according to a rebroadcast of this segment July 26, 1981, tracked down the restaurateur and audited him.) Viewers frequently wonder why anyone would be so foolhardy as to submit to such an interview on *60 Minutes*, and the question is certainly a good one. Did the lure of television con the con?

That *60 Minutes* entertains does not mean that it fails to be serious. Muckraking can be entertaining and serious at the same time. But if viewers want their muckrakers to be solemn and puritanical, they will be disappointed. Ralph Nader is solemn because he believes in something. Lincoln Steffens in later life became both solemn and socialist, but in his muckraking days he did not know what, if anything, he believed in.

60 Minutes is good at muckraking. The problem is that the form is limited to the view that there is no middle ground between the maverick, for whom there are no sacred cows, and the ideologue, who is to be distrusted; nothing between puncturers of balloons, who are to be applauded, and builders of castles, who are to be shunned. *60 Minutes* used to run a grotesque feature called "Point Counterpoint" with James Kilpatrick and Shana Alexander, which, mercifully, has been dropped from the program. Kilpatrick and Alexander were set up as ideologues, battling blindly at each other in breathless argumentation. They became caricatures of themselves and

Michael Schudson is the author of Discovering the News: A Social History of American Newspapers *(Basic Books).*

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representatives of the lowly status to which the wiser, maverick correspondents assign people with principled positions.

"Point Counterpoint" did not fit comfortably within the ironic structure that *60 Minutes* tries to maintain. Irony, as Northrop Frye observed, is a technique of "appearing to be less than one is." This is managed in literature or in life by "saying as little and meaning as much as possible." The interview, then, is a genre of pure irony. To ask a question is to presume not to know. But in the hands of a reporter (or a sociologist or a private detective), the "question" is nothing of the kind. Reporters ask questions because they know what the answers mean, although the people they interrogate rarely do. This is the con of *60 Minutes*, an eminently successful one. "Point Counterpoint" failed because its only irony was unintentional: Two people claiming to know so much knew opposite things and so came off as inferior to correspondents who claimed to know nothing.

The interviewers often emphasize irony by asking the same question twice. The second question functions the way a whispered aside does in drama. In the theater, a character may have an understanding with the audience that excludes the other characters. In *60 Minutes*, the correspondent, by repeating a question already answered, underlines the significance of what the interviewee supposedly finds less startling than he should. An Illinois tax collector tells Safer that half of all cash businesses "are skimming something." "Half?" asks Safer. "Half," says the tax collector. Wallace learns from Ray Cunningham, a former fund-raiser for the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, that of the $2.5 million raised annually for the S.C.L.C. by professional fund-raisers, only $150,000 goes to the organization. Wallace repeats: "Two and a half million is raised ostensibly on behalf of S.C.L.C. and a hundred and fifty thousand goes to S.C.L.C.?" Cunningham: "That's correct." In a recently rebroadcast episode on the Florida prison system, Rather interviews John Fort, a prisoner who says he was used by prison authorities to beat other inmates. Fort speaks of the weapon he used to do the beating. "What do you mean, weapon?" asks Rather. Fort: "A lead pipe." Rather: "A lead pipe?" Fort: "Yes, sir." The correspondents are not hard of hearing but they *are* busy building a structure of ironic rapport with their audience.

The interview is the strong suit of *60 Minutes*, although some of the programs are nearly interviewless. These episodes establish irony in more obvious and usually less successful ways. Safer's report on Beirut (April 25, 1981) included only one brief interview. Irony was provided by playing the audio of an old Beirut public relations film, which described how different religious communities live together there in peace, against film footage of urban violence. The segment tediously exploited this ironic structure, playing the sounds of guns off against the recent return to Beirut of Las Vegas-style nightclub acts and so forth.

In a recent segment on beach-front skateboarders and body cultists in Venice, California, the sole interview was with author Sara Davidson. The program turned out to be more a celebration of Davidson than a study of Venice. The young people were pictured, just as any middle-class tourist would picture them, as narcissistic, lonely, sad, misguided, drifting. There was no indication that *60 Minutes* or Davidson, for that matter, knew anything concrete about the lives of the people they displayed and described so condescendingly. The intended irony was heavy: Here are people who have everything and yet so clearly have nothing. But the real and unintended irony is that when *60 Minutes* tries to be visual, to create a photo-essay, it falls flat.

60 Minutes finds irony in rebroadcasting programs of yore. This is a nice idea, and it is a shame that, given the opportunity to confront history, the program regularly reduces history to the same ironic observation: *"Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose."* The segment entitled "Naples" is not about what a Communist city government has tried to accomplish in the past six years but about how, with Communists in office, Neapolitans still shrug their shoulders about social problems as they always have. Nothing changes. Safer's report on "The Rock," British Gibraltar, aired in 1972, in 1976 and, with editing, in 1979, teaches us that nothing has changed since his first visit. The colonial garrison reaffirms the Britishness of the British, for it is indistinguishable from "any one of a thousand colonial garrison towns that the British came to and never expected to leave." When Rather reported on Yugoslavia before Marshal Tito died, he confined political comments to his closing statement. The bulk of the report shows us that Yugoslavia has created a consumer society, complete with TV commercials, washing machines, dishwashers, refrigerators and American jazz. A discussion of the distinctive Yugoslav economic system is stiff and abstract, but the scenes that show the Yugoslavs to be consumers, just like us, are vivid and engaging.

On Presidential politics, *60 Minutes* coverage is no better, and probably worse, than the rest of television news. Wherever possible, the program reduces national politics to personality, and personality to the re-enactment of myth. This is illustrated in Safer's interview with John Anderson, which begins: "In every election, there is one candidate whom everyone admires but no one takes seriously, a maverick, an outsider. This year that candidate is John Anderson." In fact, that is not true. There is not an admirable maverick in every election. If there was a maverick in 1976, it was Jimmy Carter, and he got taken quite seriously. If there was a maverick in 1972, it was George McGovern, and he, too, won the nomination. In 1968, maverick Eugene McCarthy was taken very seriously by Lyndon Johnson, and maverick George Wallace, while taken seriously, was not much admired.

The point is not that Safer made a factual error but that his main effort was to de-historicize history, to turn politics into myth, to portray the Presidential campaign as a timeless re-enactment of a quadrennial pageant, rather than as a serious struggle for the political and moral direction of the nation. Of course, there are ritual elements in Presidential campaigns and they have long been pageants of solidarity, but that should be a subject for examination, not a framework taken for granted.

As Mike Wallace says, *60 Minutes* episodes are constructed in the form of "morality plays." And the morality is conventional and middle class. In the tractor-stealing segment, a thief reveals that a college professor is involved in his ring. Rather says: "You see, what I find difficult to believe—let me be candid with you—is that a college professor would have anything to do with that kind of operation." Not only a college professor, the thief returns, but the

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chairman of the board of a big savings and loan! In another instance, Safer is dumbstruck when he walks into the wardrobe of Jeannine Levitt in Palm Springs: "How on earth can you select what to wear when you've got this many clothes—these many—so many dresses?"

Is Rather being candid? Is Safer's question genuine? Are they appalled at college professors who are crooks and at the mindless extravagance of the American upper class or are they anticipating their audience's response? Or both?

In any case, the point of view is from the middle. In keeping with the rest of television, *60 Minutes* seeks to hold on to both a mass audience and, if possible, an upscale one. It looks up and *not* down. In 1979-80, it devoted four segments to the super-rich and just one program (on illegal aliens) to the very poor. It also paid a great deal of attention to celebrities, with sixteen profiles of famous, nonpolitical people, most of them exceedingly glamorous, like Bette Davis, Leonard Bernstein and Johnny Carson. When the poor do appear, they are portrayed not as a social or political group but as individual victims of a corrupt or overburdened judicial system.

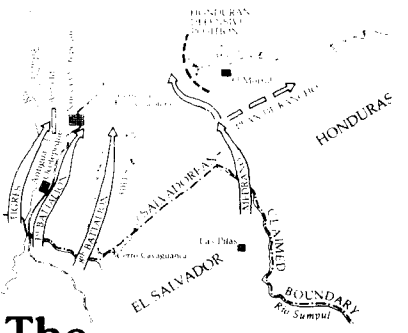
And yet, *60 Minutes* does some very important, challenging, courageous work, most often on matters of American foreign policy. In 1979-80, three segments were unusually significant—although a fourth, Rather's journey in disguise to Afghanistan, received the most attention. *60 Minutes* did a story on Savak, the Shah of Iran's secret police, a story most of the print media as well as TV journalism buried under the patriotic pressures of the hostage crisis. It also did a program to counter our national hysteria soon after the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. Rather interviewed George Kennan, who briskly and authoritatively put aside the prevailing nonsense about the Soviets marching toward their centuries-old goal of a warm-water port. And Rather conducted a twenty-minute interview with President Fidel Castro, which was broadcast unedited the night before President Jimmy Carter spoke to the nation about Soviet combat troops in Cuba.

All three programs represent timely and responsible journalism. In the face of widespread timidity and conventionalism in the news media, these *60 Minutes* segments are exceptionally courageous.

Of course, they are also few. Of the 114 segments shown in 1979-80, twenty-three were personality profiles, primarily of celebrities. Seventeen segments covered medicine and drugs. Five segments covered religion (four of these involved either an off-beat religion or one engaged in suspicious financial dealings). Nine segments were devoted to energy and the environment; seven to the judicial system; three to terrorism, and two to spying. Only fifteen segments dealt with foreign affairs, and half of those, as I have suggested, merely used a foreign country to reassure the viewer that little in the world has changed and that national stereotypes are reasonably reliable. Fifteen segments dealt with cons and swindles—twenty, adding others already counted under "medicine" and "religion."

This tally of the 1979-80 season should make it clear that *60 Minutes* is not as consistently bold and probing as is sometimes imagined, not serious enough to single-handedly revive one's faith in television, the networks and the American way. But if *60 Minutes* does not save television, neither does it embarrass journalism. How many daily newspapers or weekly magazines do as many as three or four strong and important pieces out of 114 major assignments? If *60 Minutes* is not no-holds-barred reporting, neither is it meek and conventional. If its morality speaks for and to a large middle class, it generally does so on behalf of the better sentiments of the middle class—a desire for fair dealing and fair play. If it does too little to enlarge the political dialogue in the country and too little to highlight neglected and invisible social groups, it nonetheless does what network news rarely attempts: It takes local and regional issues seriously and, with its floodlights, dignifies them before a national audience.

60 Minutes will undoubtedly continue to delight in swindles, and its audience will continue to wonder how it conned the cons into appearing on TV. That is the entertainment muckraking provides while performing—if it does its work responsibly—a public service. And if, every so often, *60 Minutes* turns up a political show-stopper, 30 million to 35 million hearts will continue to quicken when a familiar tick-tick-tick-tick announces it is again Sunday evening at 7:00. □



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France's Man of Letters

GABRIEL GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ

A few years ago, after a dinner at the French Embassy in Mexico, our hosts suggested we have coffee by the fireplace. The gathering consisted of a small group of Frenchmen and myself; I was there at the request of the guest of honor, François Mitterrand, who at that time was a candidate for the presidency of the Republic. The conversation at the table had the pleasant but ephemeral quality of diplomatic dinners, and it was clear that our hosts proposed a fireside cup of coffee in search of an atmosphere that might better prompt Mitterrand to talk about current affairs in France and in the world. Circumspect and smiling, as always, he sat in the armchair reserved for the head of the house while the rest of us sat around him. Then, turning to me, Mitterrand said: "All right; let's talk about literature."

The disappointment in the room was palpable. Most thought that Mitterrand, an experienced politician, was using literature to avoid the subject at hand. But after a few minutes, we were all fascinated by the knowledge and charm of the man: a master, roaming in his own style among the great and lesser names of world literature.

That day I discovered Mitterrand. I had met him some years before, after Pablo Neruda introduced him to my work and told him of our friendship. So when we first met, it seemed as if we were already old friends. But I couldn't get over my image of Mitterrand as a politician above all, and thus I had discussed nothing but politics with him. That night in Mexico I saw my mistake: Mitterrand was, in fact, a man of letters, in the reverential and somewhat fatalistic sense that only the French understand.

In fact, not only is Mitterrand an excellent writer but he is one who writes every day of his life, although he has repeatedly said he will never write his memoirs. That's understandable: Memoirs are a genre that tired writers resort to when they're on the brink of forgetting everything. Mitterrand aims for the opposite: He writes so as not to forget. And this habit of his helps us, his readers, not to forget either. "I take notes like mad on some scrap of paper that, more often than not, will get lost before I get a chance to use it." These bits of commentary, as he himself admits, are written in fits and starts, and he values each for reasons that are almost always subjective. Any writer would understand this. We all carry around those notes jotted on the backs of envelopes, on the margins of newspapers, on used and even unused bus tickets, where we've written down a phrase that for a second seemed like a revelation of the human soul—or of the world—and that we later find turned into balls of papier-mâché, minced by the washing machine, macerated by detergent and finally petrified by the iron. Mitterrand realizes this and calls it a "lyrical illusion." And he's absolutely right, because these brief notations are like a fragment of verse that we meet in a dream, that disturbs our sleep, that seems to be the very essence of poetry, and yet when we wake up, we realize is only an advertising jingle on the next-door neighbor's radio. It was, in effect, a lyrical illusion. But Mitterrand knows, as do all writers, that those small and continuous failures are the stuff of good literature.

It seems to me that his vision of the world is that of a man overcome by literature, which is why I have always thought he would be—will be?—a wise leader. He is a man who takes an interest in everything, and the passion, pleasure and clarity with which he goes about life are his best qualities. He is a man whose attention is drawn, while reading the journals of the Goncourt brothers, to something a less intelligent reader might think insignificant—the fact, for example, that the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals was established three years before the emancipation of the slaves. When he visited Violet Trefusis at the home of Ombrellino de Florencia, what marked that moment for him forever was the echo of his own footsteps in the vast passageway at the entrance.

Of all that has been written about Salvador Allende, Mitterrand's recollection of him seems to me the most revealing. In 1971, the Chilean president was escorting him through the halls of the presidential palace, *La Moneda*, in Santiago, Chile, when he paused before a bust of José Manuel Balmaceda. "This man was a conservative, elected by the right," Allende told him. "But this conservative was also a legalist who couldn't tolerate violations of civil rights: He committed suicide." President Allende continued, "Today, his memory is respected by the Chilean people. His heroic act is part of our national conscience." I'm sure that episode was on Mitterrand's mind during our breakfast with President Allende's daughters scarcely a year after his death. "They had to mobilize the air force," Mitterrand wrote on a scrap of paper in his pocket, "and destroy *La Moneda*, in order to murder him."

Mitterrand's notes will leave a much more accurate vision of our time and our contemporaries than his absent-minded readers might imagine. Of Georges Pompidou he wrote, "His ambition far exceeds his reach." Like any good writer, Mitterrand must know that our words will haunt us well beyond our deaths. But also like any good writer, he doesn't fear that fate. One day, when he was having lunch alone in the Brasserie Lipp, the owner approached him and whispered in his ear, "They say the president has died." The president was Pompidou. Looking back on that day, Mitterrand later wrote that he couldn't help feeling some pity for a corpse that was forgotten even before it was buried. He has said many things about Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, but the most telling was: "He is obviously a master, of the first order, of the art of explaining the failures from which his triumphs are derived." When Henry Kissinger was given the Nobel Prize for Peace, Mitterrand's comment was, in my opinion, the most lucid expression of indignation I've ever heard. "I have nothing against him," he wrote then. But he went on to say that giving Kissinger the Nobel Peace Prize for putting an end to a war that he himself had stirred up was like giving the prize to Sukarno for not killing more Indonesian Communists after having killed 300,000; or like giving it to Papadopoulus, the Greek colonel, for closing the torture chambers he himself had set up, and then using the beaches—on the islands where he kept his convicts—for tourism; or to Idi Amin Dada for re-

Gabriel García Márquez is the author of several novels, including One Hundred Years of Solitude *and the forthcoming* Chronicle of a Death Foretold *(both Harper & Row). This article was translated by Elena Brunet and Lisa Wyant.*

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fraining from smashing in all of his ministers' skulls. "I won't cite any more examples," he wrote, "because I don't want to make enemies of half the world."

Thornton Wilder credited Julius Caesar, another great writer, with this felicitous phrase: "I, who govern so many men, am myself governed by birds and thunder." Nor can Mitterrand, as a writer, escape the little superstitions that make men's lives more mysterious and beautiful. Judging from numerous notes in his books, he is most superstitious about the month of May, the month in which the worst and best things have happened. Three months ago, when few suspected the success of his candidacy, someone brought the subject up at a luncheon that Mitterrand gave in Paris. "The re-election of the current president is probable," he said, "but mine is possible." I don't know why I had the impression then that at that moment Mitterrand was weighing the countless factors that determine victory in an election, but that among them he probably didn't discard the one perhaps closest to his heart, good writer that he is: the month of May. □

The Reluctant Hero

HARLOW ROBINSON

PRETENDER TO THE THRONE: The Further Adventures of Private Ivan Chonkin. *By Vladimir Voinovich. Translated by Richard Lourie. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 310 pp. $12.95.*

Emigration and death have taken their toll on Russian literature this year. Perhaps the greatest loss was Nadezhda Mandelstam, one of the last links to the pre-Revolutionary cultural past, who died in Moscow last winter. For years her defense of the memory of her husband—the poet Osip Mandelstam—had made her a moral beacon for literary dissidents in Russia. Her death reminds us that the current generation of Russian writers, composers and artists is a thoroughly Soviet one, that it has known no reality other than Soviet reality.

But even more dramatic changes in Russian literary culture have taken place with the loss of several important contemporary writers. Vasily Aksyonov, something of a Soviet-style J.D. Salinger, emigrated to the United States and is now a writer-in-residence at the University of Southern California; Yuri Trifonov, a playwright and novelist who wrote with surprising honesty of the new Soviet middle class, died of complications following an operation in Moscow; and the novelist and satirist Vladimir Voinovich reluctantly emigrated to the West last December.

Harlow Robinson teaches in the Slavic department at the State University of New York at Albany and writes frequently for national publications.

Ousted from the Writer's Union (to which all writers who hope to be published must belong) in 1974, Voinovich began sending his manuscripts abroad. Two novels, *The Life and Extraordinary Adventures of Private Ivan Chonkin* (to which the volume under review is a sequel) and *The Ivankiad*, were translated into English and published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux, a development that hardly endeared Voinovich to the Soviet authorities.

And yet Voinovich, like his friend Alexander Solzhenitsyn, continued to insist that he had no desire to emigrate. For years he existed on the fringes of Soviet literary life, but, pushed into a corner by the official monopoly, he eventually came to view emigration as his only alternative.

Voinovich is most famous for writing the sort of satire that has a long and rich tradition in Russian and Soviet letters; the presence of strenuous censorship throughout the history of Russian literature has made satire an especially useful genre. In *The Ivankiad*, Voinovich took on the corruption and influence-peddling of literary bureaucrats; in *The Life and Extraordinary Adventures of Private Ivan Chonkin*, he exposed the Soviet Army. Here, in *Pretender to the Throne*, Voinovich sends up Stalin, Beria, Hitler and the entire breadth and range of Soviet officialdom in all its spectacular inefficiency and pettiness. This novel is clearly the work of a man both less hopeful and more bitter than the author of the earlier volumes.

What sets Voinovich apart from other Russian satirists is his compassion for the common man. Ivan Chonkin, his reluctant hero, is a peasant, not an alienated intellectual; he lives in a provincial village, not in Moscow or Leningrad. In this, he resembles Voinovich, who, unlike so many supposedly "proletarian" Soviet writers, really did work in the factories and fields of the provinces. Perhaps for this reason, Voinovich is unique among literary dissidents in his ability to highlight the many shortcomings and paradoxes of the Soviet system without engaging in the stridency and bitterness of writers such as Solzhenitsyn or Andrei Sinyavsky.

Voinovich once remarked that the stupidity of Ivan Chonkin "is not really

THE ICEHOUSE

Where the puckerbrush snags your lure
along the west edge of the lake is where
the icehouse stood, black with wet
in the sweat of summer, glistening all winter.
I cast to the pilings rising like masts
from the water, from the mist, and see the breath
of horses dragging blades, their muscled thighs—
hear the men in rubber aprons, slick as fish,
cursing the blocks, the cold, prodding each piece
with their spikes to the shore. All afternoon
the clank, the hiss of the belt lifting
chunk after chunk through the winter light
to its dark bed of hay in this place
of black timber, this ship rising like a dream
through the sand, through the rock, its hold
cradling silver, cooling the fruit of summer.

Bruce Guernsey

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stupidity when you examine it. My heroes, not only Chonkin but others, too, are very natural people who fall into unnatural situations." And indeed, in *Pretender to the Throne*, Chonkin is less an agent than a catalyst; a mild and passive man, he is much more acted upon than acting. Chonkin disappears for long sections of the novel while Voinovich turns his attention to the far more ridiculous people who surround him, one of whom is Stalin himself. Voinovich's portrait of Stalin is ultimately Tolstoyan: it diminishes the role of "great men" in history.

> For if we examine everything conscientiously, and not in feverish haste, we will see that the man who lived in the metro [Stalin] was in no way better than Chonkin. That man was a meter and a half tall in his service cap, his face was pitted from smallpox, he had a withered hand, a forehead two inches wide, and crooked, yellow teeth. And in spite of those glaring weaknesses he has gone down in history and been portrayed in countless books either as a mountain eagle or as a perfect pig.

American readers unfamiliar with Soviet history and social conditions may well find this book too topical. The satire is pointed and grows directly out of specific people and events. Though the translation is more than adequate, it is unable to convey the puns and folksiness of Voinovich's colloquial Russian. The rich immediacy of Voinovich's art makes one wonder how he will continue to write so far from the material he cherishes. □

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THEATER.

JOHN LAHR

Entertaining Mr. Sloane

Joe Orton was murdered in 1967 at the age of 34. He had been a successful dramatist for only three years, but in that time the term "Ortonesque" had become critical shorthand for scenes of macabre outrageousness. Orton transformed the clown's phallic fun from the stage to the page. At first, his plays were either dismissed as blasphemous rubbish or praised as anarchic romps. Orton's relentless hilarity obscured his seriousness. His early death has meant that his small but superb *oeuvre* has had to suffer more than the usual indignities of awful productions, while actors and directors grope to render Orton's peculiar but brilliant combination of terror and elation.

John Tillinger's revival of *Entertaining Mr. Sloane* (the play that came under a barrage of puritan codswallop from critics when it first opened on Broadway in 1965) is a masterful production with a sure sense of Orton's world and his comic mission. It is the best production of the play I have seen on either side of the Atlantic and a thrilling indication that Orton's work is finally finding a production style.

Entertaining Mr. Sloane caught the abrasive and expansive mood of the English 1960s. "From what I remember my family was respected," Sloane lies to Kath, who has picked him up at a library and offered him a room in her

John Lahr is the author of Prick Up Your Ears: The Biography of Joe Orton *(Knopf).*

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tatty house. "You know, H.P. debts. Bridge. A little light gardening. The usual activities of a cultured community." Orton was spoiling for a fight, and Sloane was polymorphous and definitely perverse. He reads the sexual hunger of Kath and her brother Ed and exploits both of them until he becomes Unlucky Pierre in their *ménage à trois*. "I want a very young boy for Sloane," Orton wrote about casting the TV version of the play. "Someone you'd like to fuck silly." Sloane was lethal and charming, a combination of black leather meanness and boyish innocence—a sexy projection of Orton—just as the play was his fantasy of the perfect family, where he was never excluded and always needed. Orton dreamed of shattering taboos, and Sloane's shamelessness achieved his dream of revenge on society. "What many people find difficult about Sloane," Orton said, "is the combination of innocence and amorality. The English always tend to equate innocence with ignorance, which is nonsense." Sloane was the first stage character to foreshadow the psychopathic style that dominated the late 1960s—that restless, ruthless, single-minded pursuit of satisfaction transformed by drugs and rock music into myth. In Sloane, Orton challenged the loss of nerve in middle-class English life. Sloane was disillusionment in action.

"What I wanted to do in *Sloane* was break down all the sexual compartments that people have," Orton said. "It didn't entirely succeed because it's very difficult to persuade directors and actors to do what you want." But Tillinger and his expert cast succeed. They don't condescend or comment on the reality of the characters. They don't press for laughs or camp it. They play the situation for real and let Orton's disconcerting laughter follow. In this way, they manage to avoid the compartments of "queer" (Ed), "nympho" (Kath) and "psycho" (Sloane) that have plagued other productions. The result is terrific. The play becomes a dangerous and ironic exploration of sexual appetite, and the characters are punished in the losing battle between license and control.

The exceptional intelligence of the production and the actors is apparent from the play's first beat, when Kath enters with Sloane in tow to show off her lounge. Barbara Bryne springs backward into the lounge, bolting into the room as if to force herself away from the pouty good looks of Maxwell Caulfield's irresistible Sloane. In Bryne's smart interpretation, Kath fights her passion. There is no leering, no broad comedy which trivializes her need. Kath's language tries to put a refined face on lust ("I'm in the rude under the dress. I tell you because you're bound to have noticed"). Her body, like her idiom, is hemmed in by "manners." When she finally touches Sloane, Kath rushes forward to rub the back of her hand gently against his smooth cheek. The moment is brilliant. Kath is confused and overwhelmed by longing, and her nervousness makes her vulnerable. She steps back from Sloane and then lunges forward to press her small head against his pectorals. Bryne's performance is not as sexy as Beryl Reid's fine West End version of Kath in 1975, but it is equally inventive and better sustained. Bryne never overplays. She gives fascinating readings of some of Orton's lines. "If you send him away," she says to Ed, lapsing into baby talk, "I shall *cry*."

In this production, Sloane does not shudder at Kath's touch. He doesn't need to. Caulfield's Sloane has found a way of being both sweet and sour. He is not so much lethal as sympathetic to her longing. He stands with his thumbs in his pockets and a glimmer of a smile across his young loutish face. "Sex," Orton wrote, "doesn't just consist of undressing and wiggling as appropriate; sexiness can be just there without anyone moving a muscle." Caulfield is sexy. Unlike so many Sloanes, he doesn't have to work to exude mischievous sexuality or innocence. He is a brazen physical presence. His Sloane enjoys both Kath and Ed. He is coltish with Kath, arching his muscular body across the sofa to try to pinch her backside. For Ed, he is the dutiful, understated Ideal Friend. Even when he kills their father, the moment of murder has him pleading with the Old Man not to squeal to the police about his former crime. He pleads, cajoles, reasons and, even after he puts the boot in, is horrified by his violence.

But *Entertaining Mr. Sloane* does not work unless Sloane's backside is stalked as ferociously as his cock. And here Joseph Maher's plummy, clipped interpretation of Ed is extraordinary. Maher has done away with Ed's constant smoking, the visible sign of his burning sexuality. Instead, he fixes Sloane with

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a stare that conveys a world of coruscating desire. He does it again after Sloane has killed his father. "Perhaps," Ed says, looking into Sloane's baby blue eyes, "we ought to give you a second chance." Maher plays Ed with delicious gravity. Bristling and sardonic, Maher rolls the words "mate" and "valiant man" around on his tongue, remembering the last friend Kath "stole" from him. His attack on the part is shrewd. He avoids any temptations to camp it up, and the play's biggest laugh becomes a throw-away line. "Why conform to the standards of the cowshed?" Ed argues, giving Sloane an impassioned piece of sexual advice about women. "It's a thing you grow out of and with me behind you, boy, you'll grow out of it."

Orton's characters live off the scraps of life, and their conversations consist of vernacular leftovers. Orton took the detritus of English life and language and made a new stage poetry out of it: advertising jargon (KATH: "You ought to see your oculist. See your oculist at once"); the stilted romanticism of Grade-B movies (KATH: "You have the air of lost wealth"); the boldface shorthand of tabloid journalism (ED: "You're a source of amazement, a never ending tale of infamy"). Tillinger's production and these wonderful actors bring a clarity and an evenness of pace to Orton's structurally uneven play. But the impoverishment of English life on which their language and their manners are based is somewhat blurred by Mark Haack's drab set. Kath's house is meant to be beside a rubbish dump, her room filled with knickknacks that betoken the deprivation and sterility in lower-middle-class life that Orton was satirizing. But there is not even a hint of a rubbish dump in Haack's set. Instead, the play takes place in an ordered, tasteful, suburban-looking room complete with prints and a framed family photo. Kath's world is more vulgar and more chintzy than this. Her longing for "the best" in life, her panicky search for pleasure, is clarified by the sense of waste and ugliness outside her door. This visual point is about the only one this otherwise meticulous production misses.

Kath and Ed decide to share Sloane rather than turn him over to the police for murder. The arrangement is Orton's version of a happy ending. "Well, it's been a pleasant morning," Ed says, concluding the deal and giving his sister a brotherly pat on the backside as he leaves. The Dada's death, Kath's battering by Sloane, the rapacious pursuit of Sloane and his eventual bondage to them are all forgotten. The past is obliterated by pleasantries. Kath sits back on the sofa and pops a candy into her mouth as the curtain falls. Evil to Orton was indifference to suffering, a moral stupor that extended to the corrupting power of language.

Tillinger's exceptional production cuts some of Orton's good jokes but is true to his ambitious antic intentions. *Entertaining Mr. Sloane* belongs to the great tradition of English comedies of manners. Orton wanted not merely to satirize the manners of postwar England but to show how they negotiate a truce with reality. His theatrical voice is unique. His method is irresistible. He corrupts an audience with pleasure. Tillinger's *Entertaining Mr. Sloane* establishes Orton's genius on the American stage. American theater has a lot to learn from Orton. It is not enough to entertain ideas on stage; you have to entertain people. This production does both. □

FILMS.

RICHARD ELMAN

The Uprising

Certain moments during Peter Lilienthal's quasi-documentary reconstruction of the Nicaraguan people's 1979 uprising in León were as startling to me as my own memories of the revolution. Not the story line, of divided loyalties within a poor Nicaraguan family—that was closer to leftish melodrama. Nor did I recognize anyone from among the large cast of Nicaraguan nonprofessionals, many of whom, according to a press handout, had participated in similar events only months before the filming commenced.

The moments of "memory" I experienced, again and again, came from the accurate use of fragments from Nicaraguan life in the last days of Anastasio Somoza: Sandinists in baseball caps (a uniform of the revolt), the white flags jutting out of peoples' doorways, things of that sort. In one of the film's most powerful scenes a procession of middle-aged women, dressed mostly in black and accompanied by a young priest in a white soutane, petition before the National Guard *cuartel* for the release of their sons from military service, only to be dispersed by the captain, who looks amazingly like the young Somoza. Rudely he reminds them that they should give homage to "the mother of all the mothers, the mother country."

I often saw such women waiting patiently at *cuartels* for their sons who were soldiers, or prisoners, or corpses; and when the war was over, I saw these mothers petitioning before the war crimes tribunals for the release of their sons awaiting trial.

"*Patria libre, patria muerte*!" cry the Sandinists in the film when they attack with arms. I heard that cry often from the *muchachos* in the streets, although it wasn't always the case that their efforts were as successful as depicted here. Too often confused and armed with nothing more than .22s and pistols, the young began their fight against a fully equipped modern army.

Lilienthal's cameras frequently dwell on the walls of León's homes, pockmarked by explosions and scrawled with revolutionary slogans, and his film is intercut with actual footage from the last days of the struggle. The mix is often powerful, like re-experiencing the onset of a bad dream: the low-flying Piper Cub that announces from its loudspeakers that León will shortly be "purged," and then, seconds later, the appearance of one of those twin-tailed Spanish jets as it releases 500-pound bombs on the adobe hovels of the city.

The sudden cut to a truckload of well-armed elite National Guard troops in their camouflage dress is especially chilling. Whenever they appeared in any Nicaraguan city, the street people would cry out, "*Ahi viene La Guardia*," as they scattered for cover. Lilienthal includes that kind of moment, and also the loud footfalls of the soldiers' boots as they positioned themselves along a street.

I came to admire and love the Nicaraguan people for their courage and warmth during a time of agony, and the sight of those faces along the cobbled streets of a city I knew fairly well touched me. They are all here: the

Richard Elman was in Nicaragua three times during and after the Sandinist revolution and is the author of Cocktails at Somoza's: A Reporter's Sketchbook *(Apple-wood Press).*

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priests and shopkeepers who supported the revolutionary cause, the brave boys and girls of the Red Cross who were sometimes slaughtered as if they were combatants. But there are aspects of the film that seem off the mark.

Lilienthal's protagonist, Agustín, for example, who has joined Somoza's National Guard to alleviate the poverty of his family, seems less like a Nicaraguan and more like the traditional representative of the "good German" under National Socialism. When he returns on a weekend pass to his family's fairly commodious house with its patio, I was startled. Such homes exist in León, of course, but they are not the dwellings of the Nicaraguan masses.

When Agustín deserts, after watching a massacre of radical students inside León's main cathedral (in reality, of course, young people who were nonpolitical were also massacred), the Sandinists allow him to join them at once. In a scene like this, Lilienthal, who is a German film maker and a colleague of Werner Fassbinder's, seems to have one eye on European politics, to the detriment of Nicaraguan reality. "The people and the front are one," Nicaraguans used to say (it rhymes in Spanish), but not everybody could just pick up a gun and fight. The Sandinists learned that lesson at some cost to themselves. Eventually they reserved their best weapons for those who had been in the hills with them and had received some training (see their own film, *Patria Libre*). Still, errors were made, lives wasted, and some of those who died then were neither Sandinists nor Somocists. They were just Nicaraguans who found themselves trying to live in the middle of the carnage.

If Lilienthal doesn't bother to make us see this aspect of the revolution, that's because he is bent on celebrating the people's victory in the hope that it will be contagious elsewhere in Latin America. But things do not need to be made to look any more insidious than they were already. Why, then, does Lilienthal, in one of his rare attempts at characterization, show a National Guard captain making a pass at Agustín? Is a soldier in Somoza's army any more or less evil because of his sexual inclinations? *The Uprising* oversimplifies many of the complexities of Nicaragua during the revolution, although it does humanize the slogans of a people's victory by giving us pieces of reality—faces, houses, clothing, streets. □

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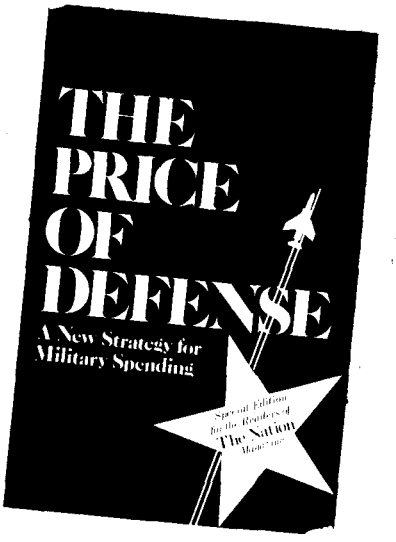

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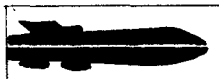

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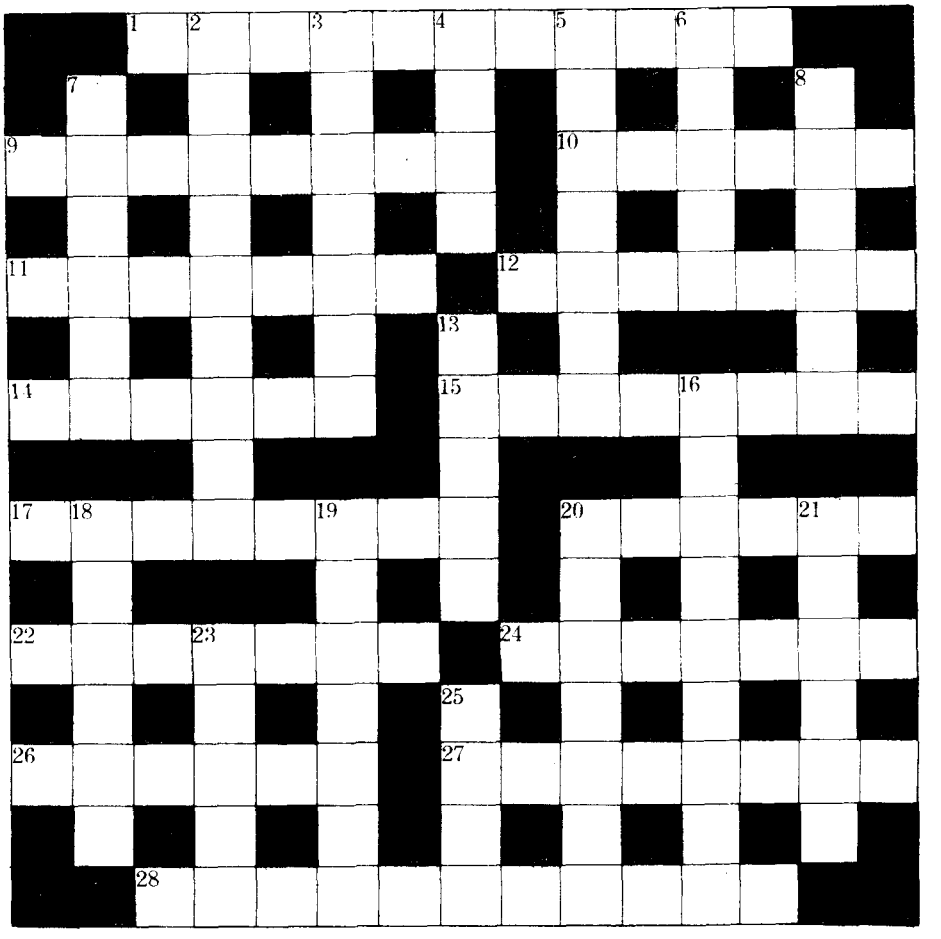

ACROSS

1 and 25 down A passing comment on an overseas job which might come under fire. (11,4)
9 In basic red, it ordinarily might have something due. (8)
10 and 14 Trumped, as some say—a complaint that gets the bird! (6,6)
11 Some feathers might be like a number in 10. (7)
12 Locks are held by it, with much air pinched to hold it. (7)
14 See 10 across
15 This part of the city's story reminds one of an earlier tragedy. (4,4)
17 Treasury head in 20 down, according to law. (8)
20 Hurried up inside, having taken things in. (6)
22 One is easily hurt, and shows it. (Some less literate pop songs do, over and over!) (7)
24 An old Greek city's making a comeback with foreign rulers. (7)
26 The feverish way of life, to some. (6)
27 Is the richness of the clue open, yet concealed? (8)
28 Having only one runner? (11)

DOWN

2 One might win so, if the match is 28. (2,7)
3 The next remedy you use may contain this, which is very far out. (7)
4 Girl who is less than 6, but over age. (4)
5 Hints of danger for the star, possibly. (7)
6 and 18 down Parts of the service to make available to conservatives. (11)
7 Designs of the rug are woven by one sticking to his point. (6)
8 This time is late. (6)
13 What some supposedly do on Monday when covered with water. (5)
16 Cures deep trouble, as a way to make old hat. (9)
18 See 6 down
19 This was sot-weed to some. (7)
20 Living ones used to be on the stage. (7)
21 Anticipate with confidence. (6)
23 Encouragement to one fouling them off? (Marshal might get it.) (5)
25 See 1 across

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

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WRITERS IN AMERICA FACE A CRISIS.

Rapidly advancing concentration in the communications industry threatens as never before to exclude and silence serious writers who are out of political or literary fashion. Government support for the arts is being slashed. Attacks on writers — libel suits, book-bannings, censorship — are increasing across the country. If you agree that these threats demand an active response, join The Nation Institute and thousands of other writers at THE AMERICAN WRITERS CONGRESS — ROOSEVELT HOTEL, NEW YORK — OCTOBER 9-12, 1981.

WHAT WILL THE CONGRESS BE?

A massive gathering of writers of all descriptions: poets, playwrights, novelists, journalists, scholars, critics, and the associations, guilds, and unions that represent them.

WHAT IS THE GOAL OF THE CONGRESS?

To help American writers deal individually and collectively with bread-and-butter problems, as well as the long-range political and economic trends that threaten the vitality of our written culture.

WHY A "CONGRESS," NOT MERELY A "CONFERENCE?"

Because at a conference people talk; at a congress, people act.

WHAT WILL HAPPEN AT THE CONGRESS?

Panels — Workshops — Caucuses — Hearings — Festivities — A plenary session to consider formal resolutions and ways to continue the work of the Congress.

WHAT ISSUES WILL THE CONGRESS ADDRESS?

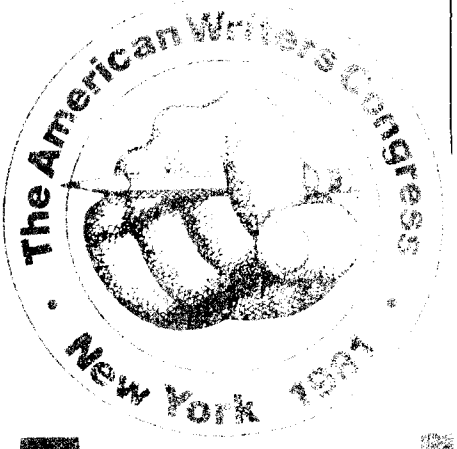
Government funding cutbacks — Assaults on First Amendment rights — Interests of writers and publishers: where they converge, where they conflict — Cooperative publishing and distribution methods — Who gets published/produced, who doesn't — More, more, more.

WHO WILL COME?

More than 2,000 writers from across the United States. Publishers, editors, other industry representatives, and foreign writers will also be invited.

THE INVITING COMMITTEE (in formation)

E. L. Doctorow • Doug Ireland • Frances FitzGerald • Kurt Vonnegut • James Merrill • Ed Bullins • Nat Hentoff • John Hersey • Alice Walker • J. Anthony Lukas • John A. Williams • Ishmael Reed • Ring Lardner • Barbara Grizzuti Harrison • Fred Cook • Morris Dickstein • Blair Clark • Studs Terkel • Calvin Trillin • Roger Wilkins • Nancy Milford • Lois Gould • Ellen Willis • Jessica Mitford • Jane Kramer • Evan Connell • Mary Lee Settle • Staige Blackford • Michael Arlen • Donald Barthelme • Penny Lernoux • Alastair Reid • Norman Mailer • Alden Whitman • N. Scott Momaday • Barbara Garson • David Halberstam • Ron Radosh • Alan Wolfe • Alta • Paul Cowan • Katha Pollitt • Lore Dickstein • Jack Newfield • Albert Innaurato • Nora Sayre • Lucinda Franks • Cynthia Arnson • A. W Singham • Steve Schlesinger • Jane Lazarre • Dan Wakefield • Justin Kaplan • Ann Bernays • R. D. Rosen • Diane McWhorter • Jane Holtz Kay • Ellen Cantarow • Robert Lekachman • Galen Williams • Carol Muske • Ben Sonnenberg • Douglas Day • Robert K. Massie • Marcus Raskin • Frank Snepp • Patricia Bosworth • Leslie Epstein • Peter Stone • Arthur Kopit • Les Brown • Gerald Stern • Herbert Mitgang • Herbert Gutman • Israel Horovitz • Michael Meltsner • Vivian Gornick • David Burnham • Maxine Kumin • Gregory Rabassa • Betty Friedan • Robert Caro • June Jordan • Maria Irene Fornes • Toni Morrison • Peter Schrag • Barton Bernstein • Jeremy Larner • John Oliver Killens • Marge Piercy • Anthony Astrachan • Al Young • Jamake Highwater • Robert Hass • B. K. Moran • Richard Lingeman • Gloria Emerson • Richard Pollak • Marshall Berman • Paul Gaston • Gay Talese • Paul Krassner • R. W. B. Lewis • Kai Erickson • Denise Levertov • Alix Kates Shulman • Barbara Seaman • Gail Sheehy • William Styron • Francine duPlessix Gray • Leon Litwack • Martin Sherwin • Rob Swigart • Lucy Rosenthal • Erica Jong • Robin Morgan • Victor Perera • Grace Paley • Toni Cade Bambara • Wilfrid Sheed • Mordecai Richler • Aryeh Neier • Wallace Stegner • Blanche Wiesen Cook • Thomas B. Morgan • Richard Foreman • James Welch • Rita Mae Brown • Richard Goldstein



A call to the American Writers Congress

The American Writers Congress is sponsored by The Nation Institute, a non-profit organization associated with The Nation Magazine.

We urge you to respond soon because reserved admission is limited.

For more information, call or write:
The American Writers Congress
G.P.O. Box 1215
New York, N.Y. 10116
212/420-0608

☐ YES, I want to register at the writer's rate of $25 per person (non-writers: $100 per person) for The American Writers Congress, to be held at The Roosevelt Hotel, October 9-12, 1981. I am reserving places now. (Non-reserved admission: $50 for writers; $150 for non-writers.)

☐ I am enclosing an additional $ to help offset the cost of The Congress. Contributions are tax-deductible within legal limits. Total amount enclosed $

Please make checks or money orders payable to The American Writers Congress. Send to: The American Writers Congress, G.P.O. Box 1215, New York, N.Y. 10116.

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☐ Please send me room rate information for The Roosevelt Hotel.

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